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NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER speaks the plain truth when he declares that if the wreck of the Republican Party is not taken over by a group of younger and liberal elements within it, "it will soon pass out of existence because of its incapacity to face the future with understanding and courage." When he also says that it "has been moving steadily toward intellectual, moral, and political bankruptcy" ever since 1919, he repeats what every sound observer within and without the party knows. Certainly under Mr. Hoover the party went down hill with extraordinary rapidity. Under Mr. Hoover, too, the quality of the men in the Cabinet deteriorated so that there is no one in that body, unless it be Mr. Mills and Mr. Stimson, who will be of value in any reorganization. Again, with only eight Republican Governors elected on November 8, and with many of the survivors in Congress certain to be deposed from important committee assignments, there will be little opportunity for new men to come to the front within the ranks during the next four years. But there are a number of men of the type of Mr. Butler himself, Alanson B. Houghton, for example, or ex-Governor Goodrich of Indiana, to say nothing of the Progressives in the Senate—they should now obviously be given the lead in the matter—who might well undertake the work of reorganization. Even before the publication of Mr. Butler's statement the New York Republican organization had let it be known that it realized that the first thing to do was to eliminate Mr. Hoover and the Hoover influence entirely. But that alone will not suffice if the party does not take its leadership from among the Progressives or those who hold progressive ideas. Its reorganization will be preferable to its death only if it really becomes a liberal party or amalgamates with the conservatives and protectionists of the Democratic organization.

THE WET FORCES have just won a more overwhelming victory than their most confident spokesmen six months ago would have dared to predict. In eleven States which held referendums directly on the subject, either for repeal of State enforcement acts and constitutional provisions or for memorializing Congress for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the nine States in which the tally is completed voted against prohibition. The new House, according to the tabulations of the New York *Times*, will contain 343 definitely wet members, 29 drys, and 63 whose attitude is still doubtful; the new Senate will consist of 61 wets, 30 drys, and 5 who are doubtful. This means that the wets, who have hitherto been in a minority in both houses, will have more than a two-thirds' majority in the House and probably a two-thirds' majority in the Senate. Added to this is the moral force of the fact that the candidates, both for the Presidency and for Congress, of the party whose platform was flatly in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment triumphed overwhelmingly over the party whose prohibition plank was ambiguous and straddling. All this makes it highly probable that the new Congress will vote to submit the outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the States; and if the present popular temper is sustained, it seems nearly as probable that the necessary three-fourths of the States will vote to repeal it. The chances of a "beer bill" to cover the interregnum period remain somewhat more doubtful, though it is certain that appropriations for prohibition enforcement will be drastically cut down.

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT of the national election was the poor showing made by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. Instead of the 2,000,000 votes forecast by the straw polls, he received hardly more than 800,000. Final returns may bring his total to a million, but even at that figure the vote he polled is proportionately less than that Eugene V. Debs received in 1912 and 1920. Why the Socialists should have been no more successful in this period of widespread distress it is difficult to explain except on the theory that multitudes wished to insure Hoover's defeat and therefore voted for Roosevelt. In Philadelphia Norman Thomas's vote in the working-class districts was relatively smaller than that which he received in the Forty-second Ward, which is a middle-class residential section. In the river-front wards, where living conditions are the worst in the city, he received only 166 votes out of more than 23,000 votes cast for all candidates. The political editor of the Atlanta *Journal* suggests that the protest vote went almost unanimously to Franklin D. Roosevelt. "Had any other candidate than Roosevelt been running," he writes, "the Atlanta labor element would have turned to Mr. Thomas with a vote of several thousand."

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THE VOTING MACHINE is not constructed to make easy a citizen's privilege to write in the name of a candidate for office of his personal selection. He must provide his own pencil, a black one; he must move a little metal slide; he must know how to spell his candidate's name; he must write it correctly on a short and narrow slip. It is astonishing, in view of these difficulties, that almost 153,000 New Yorkers correctly registered their choice of Joseph V. McKee for Mayor against the machine-made candidates of the Republicans and Tammany. His vote was a tribute to the capacity for independent judgment of a great body of citizens, and his total undoubtedly would have been much larger if various tricks had not been employed against him and if many persons had not misspelled his name. Equally impressive was the vote for George W. Alger and Bernard S. Deutsch, running for the Supreme Court with the backing of the Bar Association against the joint candidates of the Republicans and Democrats, Samuel H. Hofstadter and Aron Steuer. Although Hofstadter and Steuer were swept into office on the Democratic flood, the vote for the independent candidates was large enough to encourage their supporters to organize into a permanent body for action in the next election. We have reason to hope, in spite of the huge O'Brien majority, that the chicaneries of the Tammany gang have at last penetrated the complacency of a good-sized section of the voting public.

SOLICITATION OF FUNDS for unemployment relief has started in many communities throughout the United States. The need this winter is many times greater than it was last year. Every survey undertaken by social agencies in the last few months clearly shows that destitution has been rapidly increasing in every section of the country. In New York City alone, according to a census recently completed by the police department, there are 180,758 destitute families "who are not now receiving relief." While private charities and local emergency committees cannot hope to meet the whole problem—the State and federal governments must also help—these community organizations should be supported as generously as is humanly possible. Every citizen who still has an income should do more than merely contribute what he thinks he can afford. He should make whatever sacrifices he can in order to help his less fortunate neighbors, for in no other way will it be possible to prevent further hunger and suffering in America.

THE DIPLOMACY OF SIR JOHN SIMON, the British Foreign Secretary, continues to puzzle us. Only a few weeks ago he sent to Berlin a most curious document in which he contended that Germany's demand for equality in armaments was wholly illegal, and then in the same document sought to prove that Germany, after all, had a very good case. The first part of the note was obviously intended to win the approval of France and the second part to please Germany. Instead, Sir John succeeded in enraging both countries. Since then the Herriot plan for disarmament has been brought out. Whatever faults this plan may have, it at least has had the effect of softening Germany's opposition to resumption of the disarmament negotiations until military equality is conceded. The prospect of Germany's return to the Geneva conference revived the hope that real progress might yet be made But now Sir John has again seen fit to speak his mind. In an address in the House of Commons he formally recognized Germany's legal right to equality, but he asked that Germany first join with the other nations of Europe in a pledge never to resort to force under any conditions. He added, however, that Germany must also agree to use discretion in enlarging its military establishment! In other words, he seems perfectly willing to balance paper pledges against increased armaments. Sir John does not attempt to explain why Germany needs a larger army if it agrees not to go to war in any event. Nor does he appear to realize that the terms he offers Germany conflict in no small measure with the recent French proposals. Perhaps Sir John means to sabotage the Herriot proposal as he did the Hoover plan.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE are again giving the foreign offices of the large Powers, not to mention the government in Washington, many an anxious hour. Economic disaster, political difficulties, and irredentism are spreading at an alarming rate. Jugoslavia finds that it cannot transfer the exchange necessary to meet the interest charges on its principal American loan, Bulgaria can pay only half of the interest on its obligations, Greece defaults on its debt to the United States, and Hungary serves notice on Washington that it will be unable to meet its December payment. In republican Greece the Royalist Party has come into power; in Rumania the Ministry has been overthrown and the country is split into two camps over the Bessarabian question; Czecho-Slovakia, long considered the most stable of the new countries, recently passed through a serious government crisis and is now faced with another; Hungary has turned to a new strong man, Julius Gömbös, to save it from further disaster; in Poland the illness of the dictator, Joseph Pilsudski, is causing grave concern, for there is no one now in sight strong enough to take his place. At the same time many of these countries are having to contend with separatist movements. The Macedonian revolutionaries have virtually set up a government of their own in Jugoslavia, while the Croatians are also giving King Alexander no end of trouble. In Rumania the Transylvanians are growing restive, and in Czecho-Slovakia the Slovaks have started a secessionist movement. The age-old Balkan question is as far from solution as ever.

THE SWISS AUTHORITIES could have chosen no more brutal way of attempting to suppress radical agitation than the means they used in dispersing a crowd of demonstrators in Geneva on November 9. It seems unnecessary to have resorted to force in any case, but to have left that task to raw military recruits was nothing short of criminal. These inexperienced youths, most of whom had had no more than a fortnight of military training, lost their heads and fired their machine-guns point-blank into the crowd, killing eleven persons and wounding forty-three others. This was serious enough, but after the event Swiss government officials openly approved the action taken by the soldiers. President Motta declared: "One thing is certain, the troops conducted themselves as they should." This shortsighted attitude on the part of the authorities will, of course, play into the hands of radical agitators the world over. They will no doubt point to the Geneva tragedy as further proof of their contention that "the capitalist masters"

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are carrying on a merciless class war against the workers. The shooting was probably an accident; surely there is no evidence that it was deliberate; but the subsequent attitude of the Swiss authorities will unquestionably go far toward convincing the workers that the shooting was a part of the class war. Nor will the moral the radicals are certain to draw from this tragedy be weakened by the fact that it occurred in Geneva, "the city of international peace," for the radicals have long contended that the international peace machinery set up by the Powers is meant simply to disguise imperialist greed and conflict.

THE TRAGIC DEATH of Professor Charles P. Howland of Yale University, the latest victim of the automobile juggernaut, brutally terminates an extraordinarily able, useful, and public-spirited life. After many years as a successful lawyer in New York City, the day came when he felt that he had secured his financial future sufficiently to enable him to give up the active practice of the law and to devote himself to educational matters, international questions, and other public problems. He thus set a most admirable example to his wealth-mad generation. He soon proved his great executive ability and force of character as chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission of the League of Nations, to which was intrusted the repatriation of all the Greeks expelled by the Turks—a most difficult and responsible undertaking since it involved the migration of 1,200,000 persons. An associate in research of Yale University, a member of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the General Education Board, he brought to each one of these responsibilities clarity of thought and excellence of judgment. For four years, from 1928 to 1931, inclusive, he edited the "Survey of American Foreign Relations," published annually by the Yale University Press for the Council of Foreign Relations in New York. Few men in America today are so well informed on foreign affairs, and few can bring to public questions such nobility of character and shining intellectual integrity.

ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE advertising notices that ever reached our desk is "Boyd's City Dispatch" offering for sale alluring bargains in lists of names. Magazines seeking subscribers, causes seeking patrons, people with something to sell, anybody in fact who wants to get in touch with his fellow human beings in neatly classified chunks can turn confidently to Boyd's. Here, for instance, are 11,259 Selected Hebrews in New York City worth $50,000 or over. You can have them for $150. Tenants of Pent Houses, 150 of them, sell for $5, and we consider them cheap. More than 2,000 New York Widows worth $50,000 and over are listed at $50 (wealthy widowers not quoted), while 934 Millionaires Interested in Art Works, Antique Furniture, etc., cost $20. There are certain classifications which seem to us absurd: 5,700 residents of Greenwich Village are rated below 4,959 residents of Park Avenue. Hebrew millionaires cost as much per head as assorted multimillionaires. That's not fair; some of our best friends are multimillionaires. And 3,000 Clergymen, Prominent, cost more than 3,929 Yacht Owners, which probably is not as silly as it looks, since Boyd's doubtless has it figured out that a man who owns a yacht these days can't be expected to buy anything else. Still, we prefer yacht owners, at any price.

For These Favors

WE GIVE THANKS:

That Dolly Gann is retired to Kansas without precedence, with the tax-free 'indigent Indian" who is her brother.

That Hiram Bingham will now be free to fly as high as he likes—elsewhere than in the Senate.

That Senator Wesley L. Jones will subsidize American shipping no more.

That Reed Smoot no longer has it in his power to tax the sugar used by every American household for the benefit of the beet-sugar growers of Michigan, Colorado, and Utah, and the Mormon Church.

That James M. Beck, who earned first prize for the campaign's silliest speech, is now contemplating the decision of 21,000,000 Americans to "convert this Republic into a bastard imitation of the Soviet regime in Moscow."

That Senator Jim Watson is permanently retired to Indiana—as damaged goods without value.

That the Democrats and not death overtook George H. Moses and relegated him to the fastnesses of his native State, which is now also proved to be the home of wild jackasses.

That the State of Wisconsin spurned the candidacy of John B. Chapple, who declared that the University of Wisconsin was a hotbed of communism and free love.

That the State of Kansas found someone else besides a goat-gland doctor to be its Governor.

That the State of Illinois put a final stamp of utter disapproval upon ex-Governor Len Small.

That California did not yield to the temptation to send a sensational preacher to the Senate in the person of the Reverend "Bob" Shuler.

That the State of Missouri has sent, by an enormous majority, a courageous and broad-gauge tariff-reform Senator to Washington in the person of Bennett Champ Clark.

That the State of Colorado has reinforced its Democratic Senator, Costigan, with Alva B. Adams, a former Democratic Senator.

That Governor Cross of Connecticut remains in the State House to illustrate the advantages of having a bucolic professor in charge of a New England State.

That five Farmer-Labor Congressmen and nearly the entire State ticket were elected in Minnesota.

That Norman Thomas in fullest measure lived up to his opportunity to show the country what a statesman looks like.

WE MOURN THE FACT:

That Representative Fiorello La Guardia went down to defeat at the hands of a lesser citizen of Italian origin.

That James J. Davis, now under indictment, was elected to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania.

That William G. McAdoo goes to the Senate as the carpet-bag representative of the State of California.

That the lame-duck-session amendment is not now part of the Constitution; and

That Herbert Hoover received fifty-nine electoral votes too many.

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The Victory

THE complete election returns only strengthen our conviction that here is a cataclysm to praise heaven for. That does not mean that we abate one iota of our disappointment that the Thomas vote was not larger, or that we have overnight come to believe that Governor Roosevelt is the very man to lead us out of the economic chaos in which we find ourselves. We have not changed our views in the slightest, but we are profoundly grateful that the American people rose in their strength and turned Herbert Hoover out by a majority in the electoral college greater than the record-breaking vote given to him when he took office. Accepting the fact that it was impossible to expect the electorate to vote largely for the only man who had a political and economic program to offer, we cannot but be deeply moved by the thoroughness of the job done. It was, moreover, no mere blind, undiscriminating wrath. Connecticut chose a Democratic Governor, but elected all the other Republican candidates except Senator Bingham, whom it properly defeated. In New Hampshire the voters had had enough of Senator Moses, but chose a Republican Governor. In Kansas they refused to be carried away by the goat-gland doctor. In New Jersey they voted for Roosevelt, but chose the Republican candidate for Senator. In some States Republican candidates for Congress won seats from sitting Democrats in the face of the Democratic tidal wave. In many States, especially in New York, there was a great variation in the vote of the successful candidates.

All of which quickens our faith in democracy and fills us with renewed hope for the future, if only because of this demonstration of the complete loosening of party ties. When, roughly, seven millions of voters can switch their votes from Hoover to Roosevelt, it is idle to talk of party thraldom, especially if one recalls the multitude of Democrats who left their party in 1928 because of their opposition to Alfred E. Smith. Almost the bulk of our electorate has learned to vote independently; when one considers the absolutely rigid party lines of the eighties, and even the nineties, the progress is extraordinary. We take hope from it because we are certain that the electorate, having acquired the habit of voting on the merits of the candidates and programs offered, will ere long be ready to vote again for a party of progress and liberalism; that it will judge the performance of the coming Roosevelt Administration with as critical eyes as it has judged that of Herbert Hoover.

We are of the opinion, moreover, that this tendency will not be wholly offset by public satisfaction, even if there is real progress under Mr. Roosevelt toward economic sanity and prosperity, just as we are more certain even than we were last week that this Democratic sweep is by no means wholly due to the depression, but in part to a thoroughgoing dissatisfaction with the character of the present Administration, the falsity of its pretenses, and Mr. Hoover's deliberate misrepresentation of the facts of our economic situation. But whether we err in this hypothesis or not, we can feel no discouragement over the prospects of liberalism but only a vast satisfaction in what has taken place. Undoubtedly one explanation of the small vote received by Mr. Thomas is that many who wished to ballot for him felt that the all-important thing was to retire Mr. Hoover to private life. That was in response to a sound instinct that there had to be a clean sweep before the process of reconstruction could begin. It may be, of course, that if Governor Roosevelt and his party fail to provide relief for our major ills, a large proportion of the electorate will jump back into the frying-pan of Republicanism. But that process cannot go on indefinitely. We believe that the farmers especially will be more than ready for a new deal four years hence, if their export markets continue to be cut off by the existing tariffs which Mr. Roosevelt has promised to make "effective."

Meanwhile the forces of liberalism again face a profound test. With an awakened and suffering public, with an electorate thinking politically as it has not been willing to for decades, the question is whether those who believe in a new and a constructive party can develop the necessary leadership and a program to convince. It may well be that in the next few months there will be only one plank for liberals to rally around, and that will be that American men, women, and children shall not die of starvation when our warehouses are bursting with unsold food, when the cost of foodstuffs is lower than in decades, and the government still has plenty of resources.

Under these circumstances, with the prospect that the coming Congress will show greater progressivism and political independence than did the last, the liberals will have only themselves to blame if they cannot bring home to the electorate the need of that radical reorganization of our governmental system which alone can bring us permanent hope of peace and prosperity in America. With the old order collapsing before our eyes, it will be treason indeed for those who realize the crying need of a genuinely constructive program, such as was not offered to us by either of the major candidates in the last campaign, not to bestir themselves. They must convince the American electorate that there are sound and rational ways out of the present jungle.

Finally, one phase of the election gives particular satisfaction. It is that the electorate was informed as never before. We refer not only to the greatly increased use of the radio, but to the greatly increased number of people who deliberately put aside other ways of spending their evenings to listen to the arguments on both sides. Whether spurred by the fact of this tremendous radio publicity or not, the press distinguished itself by its fair play. In New York City, at least, more speeches were printed verbatim than ever before. Even a newspaper which was formerly most hidebound and partisan, the New York *Herald Tribune,* not only gave Mr. Roosevelt the squarest possible deal in the matter of his speeches, but allowed a sympathetic reporter to write freely of the Governor and his travels. More than that, it printed several of Mr. Thomas's speeches in full and it allowed Mr. Lippmann complete freedom of expression. This is great journalistic progress. The change offers most encouraging proof that hereafter new programs, new policies, and new leaders will have a hearing frequently denied them in the past.

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War Debts Versus Recovery

THE dramatic suddenness with which the British and French governments requested a postponement of their December war-debt payments and a reconsideration of the whole debt problem should cause neither surprise nor resentment. The period between their request and the date for payment is barely a month, and as their requests were postponed solely because of the election, it is proper that they should have been made immediately after the result had been determined. President Hoover's prompt invitation to Governor Roosevelt to confer with him on this and other questions was altogether admirable. The cynical will doubtless see in it an attempt to compel the Governor to share responsibility for a decision which, if it is what it should be, is certain to arouse the animosity of those Americans who do not understand the issue with which the country is confronted. It is imperative, however, that the Governor should share this responsibility. It is unlikely that during the whole course of his Administration he will have any more important decision to make than this which faces him now. It is even highly fortunate that both of the leaders of the two great parties will have to cooperate in a matter which we cannot afford to throw into the arena of partisan politics. That President Hoover's invitation may be good politics does not prevent its being, at the same time, a fine stroke of statesmanship.

The decision which the United States government must now make is of crucial importance, not only because of its immediate economic effects, but because it will serve to determine the relations of the United States to the rest of the world for years to come. If Congress should now decide to stand by its blind and dangerous pronouncement of a year ago, declaring it to be against its policy that "any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced," if it should refuse point-blank to reconsider the debts, it would not merely be the debts that would be involved, although certainly that is a serious enough matter in itself. Congress's refusal would make almost any other form of international cooperation, whether it involved disarmament, general tariff reduction, gold problems, or action against international aggressors, impossible for years. The resentment and bitterness caused by our refusal would imperil the foreign trade outlets that still remain open to us, either by provoking the erection of further retaliatory tariff walls or by the direct anti-American feeling that it would arouse. It would cost us vast sums of money and even endanger the peace of the world.

It is gratifying that on the very day on which the texts of the British and French requests for reconsideration were made public, there was also published a thorough report by a group of prominent American economists urging the immediate re-creation of the World War Foreign Debt Commission to reconsider and readjust all the war-debt agreements, and that this report was indorsed by a group of prominent political and business leaders, including Alfred E. Smith, Frank Lowden, John W. Davis, James M. Cox, President Butler of Columbia, George W. Wickersham, President Sloan of the General Motors Corporation, Henry A. Wallace, the editor of *Wallaces' Farmer,* D. B. Robertson, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and many others. This report is not based on sentimental considerations or on any appeal to American generosity. It is based on the same sort of considerations which must influence any banker when a debtor is no longer able to pay him in full, and, in addition, those more complex considerations which statesmanship cannot afford to ignore.

Our superpatriots (i.e., those whose policies would be certain to do infinite harm to the country) have been insisting that every penny we take off the war debts must fall upon the American taxpayer. As a simple statement of fact this is undeniable; but it is worth considering just what the real burden of the debts would be to the American taxpayer, and, more importantly, just what it would mean to him if the debts were not reduced. From this point of view the economists who prepared the report of the Committee for the Consideration of Intergovernmental Debts have made some highly illuminating comparisons. They begin by quoting and indorsing Secretary Mellon's remark, made six years ago, that "the entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as a customer." The truth of this has already been illustrated. The instalment due this fiscal year on the debts amounts to $280,000,000. But the decline since 1929 in our annual exports to Europe has amounted to four times that sum, or more than $1,000,000,000. Restored foreign trade would mean the collection of $300,000,000 more a year in customs duties alone. Finally, the economists point out that an increase of 1 per cent in our annual income over the present low levels would amount to more than twice the current annual instalment on the war debts.

It is unfortunate that the report did not expand upon this last comparison, for economically it is the crux of the whole question. Our national income in 1929 was estimated at $84,000,000,000. On the basis of present indices of trade and employment, that income appears to have shrunk to a present rate of certainly not more than $56,000,000,000—a loss of at least $28,000,000,000 a year. In other words, we are losing $100 a year through depression for every dollar owed us annually in war-debt payments. Put in another form, we are losing in one year twice the principal amount of the debts, and more even than the entire principal and interest we could hope to collect between now and 1987, when the agreements expire.

Our debtors now remind us that, in accordance with the communique published in Washington on the occasion of M. Laval's visit, they took the initiative at Lausanne and scaled down the German reparations to a mere fraction of their former sum. To complete that arrangement, they are asking concessions in the same broad spirit from ourselves. It will be disastrous if we reject their plea. At this moment thinking Americans everywhere must rally to those who are seeking the drastic reduction of these debts, if we are to save ourselves from even greater calamity than that we now know, and take our first great step toward economic recovery for ourselves and for the world.

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Fifteen Years of the Soviets

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 7

IT is easier to shake the world in ten days than to remold it in fifteen years. The task of creating a Russia economically, politically, socially, and culturally better than the rest of the world is still unfinished. Only the foundation has been laid. Yet those who feel a thrill as each brick and trowel of mortar is added to the walls must also be sadly aware of the debris of the ages which lies strewn about to hamper the work of the builders. Russia is making her future before she has destroyed her past. That this backward nation should have staged the first social revolution is neither a contradiction nor an accident. It was backward because its bourgeoisie was weak—too weak to resist the forces of revolution. It was backward because the basis of its economy was agrarian feudalism and the basis of its politics Oriental absolutism, both overripe and too rotten to be capable of self-defense.

If the Russian bourgeoisie had been strong enough or wise enough to lead the masses in their revolt against the land barons and the Czar, they might still be in power. But the proletariat, directed by a Bolshevik vanguard, assumed that role. It assumed the role after Kerensky had tried to play it and failed. That is why there is a Soviet government today. Russia's backwardness, therefore, is, in a sense, responsible for the existence of the Soviets. It is also the source of many of their present difficulties. The Bolsheviks have undertaken to erect the highest social forms with the help of a people on a low cultural plane. Yet this, perhaps, is not an unmixed disadvantage; for the nation is unspoiled, young, full of the physical energy needed to bear the sacrifices expected now of Soviet citizens, and capable of great enthusiasm and faith. The human material with which the revolution has been working is both bad and good. It is bad when culture, technique, and skill are demanded; it is splendid when the situation requires that it live on a shoestring and a promise.

Promise is a major clue to the history of the Bolshevik Revolution. The first few months of the Soviet regime have been a mystery to many. In November, 1917, the revolution took the war-weary soldiers out of the anti-German trenches. "Peace" was even more compelling than "land" and "bread." Yet in March, 1918, the Communists sent them back into the trenches, and they went in hundreds of thousands, later in millions, and stayed there for three years to repel the attacks of foreign and native counter-revolutionists. What had happened between November and March? The workers and peasants had been home and seen the promise of a new freedom and a new world.

This brief breathing-space between World War and civil war infected the masses with a crusading zeal which persisted long after peace had been reestablished in 1921. The period of intervention was the most thrilling in the adult existence of many Russians. Literature still draws on it for heroic adventure. The secret of this civil-war enthusiasm lay chiefly in the exciting realization that the revolution permitted the Bolsheviks to proceed with the creation of the society about which they had dreamed for a lifetime, but partly, too, in the frenzy released by its destructive phases. Moscow was able to smash its foreign enemies though the whole world united against it. The Bolsheviks crushed, exiled, or executed the capitalists, the nobility, and all other exploiters. The poor peasants confiscated their landlords' estates and persecuted the kulaks. What more could worker and mujik ask? Their success gave them and the Communists who guided them a sense of vast power. They got the same feeling, which in this case was also part illusion, from the system of "military communism" which prevailed between 1917 and 1921. The government put the whole nation on rations. All trade was suppressed. Grain was requisitioned from the villages. The state ruled supreme. But its authority rested on fiat and force and on the promissory note for a brighter future which it had given the people. Many Bolsheviks, nevertheless, felt that this was real socialism, and when the New Economic Policy (NEP) in 1921 introduced a measure of private capitalism and commercial freedom, some party members grumbled and a few committed suicide out of disappointment.

Military Communism and the NEP

Between 1917 and 1921 the Bolsheviks drew heavily on the credit which the nation had granted the revolution. Military communism was in no sense good communism. It was a war expedient. Yet even today Communists hark back to it as the golden era of the revolution. They yearn for the time when no laws and no economic considerations checked their rude domination. Strangely enough, the young Communists of today, who never knew the horrors and pleasures of that period, are the very men who make its methods their pattern. This is still one of the worst plagues of the Soviet regime, and the decree of July, 1932, on Revolutionary Lawfulness, which is aimed at the revolutionary lawlessness of petty officials—it could be equally well directed against the arbitrariness of some central authorities—will be a blessing if it really wipes out the psychological remnants of military communism.

By 1921 the nation began to demand payment on the promissory note Lenin had given it. Hence Kronstadt and the peasant revolts. Hence the NEP. Officially the NEP still obtains, but it went under a cloud in 1929 with the inauguration of the first Five-Year Plan and of widespread collectivization. In fact, its light commenced to dim in 1927 and by 1928 was only slightly visible. The seven NEP years were seven full years. Since the eclipse of the NEP, relatively leaner years have intervened. Indeed, 1932 is as lean as any since 1923. And yet from the national revolutionary point of view, the country was retrogressing a decade ago and is progressing rapidly now. The NEP period was "full" in the sense that the supply of consumers' goods increased steadily. After the terrible Volga famine of 1921 had loosened its grip, apparent prosperity settled over the land. In 1922, however, a Bolshevik leader, who, incidentally, later became a Trotzkyist, found it possible to

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say to me that if within a few years no social revolutions occurred abroad, Russia would develop into a sort of labor republic like Australia. The stress on world revolt was greater then than it is now because within Russia less was being achieved toward the establishment of a Socialist economy. The trend of events during the NEP period seemed to indicate that socialism could not be built in one country. In 1924 revolutionary spirit and revolutionary policy in Russia stood at low ebb. In that very year and perhaps for that very reason Europe granted the Soviet Government de jure recognition.

"The Road Is Long"

Industry registered considerable progress in the NEP years. That progress buttressed the state and checked the rise of a tendency toward private capitalism. Yet planned economy was only in its infancy, and the volume of construction was small compared with that under the Five-Year Plan. The number of workers increased; outlying districts advanced toward industrialization. But on the whole, and especially in the light of the potentialities revealed since 1929, buoyancy and tempo were lacking. The NEP exercised a corroding influence even on Communists, and certainly on the rest of the population. The play "Red Rust," the novel "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," and other works of fiction which date back to that period mirror its spiritually disintegrating effects. In 1924 Trotzky declared: "We do intend to bring the peasantry, under proletarian leadership, to socialism"; but "the road," he added, "is very, very long." It would take "twenty, thirty, fifty years," he estimated, to reach its end. He made this statement apropos of literature, and his point was that a proletarian literature could not be created in Russia until Russia was a completely Socialist state. This pronouncement was laden with wisdom, but at the same time, like many of Trotzky's opinions, it reflected the revolutionary pessimism and diminishing faith which characterized the last seven years of his active participation in Soviet leadership, the years of NEP, years of advancing individual well-being and rapid revolutionary demobilization. The death of Lenin in January, 1924, just as this NEP spirit began to crystallize, hastened the process. It deprived the Bolsheviks of a man of uncommon greatness, and provoked a struggle within the Communist Party which still colors many of the Soviets' activities, and which, for some years, determined and often distorted all of the Kremlin's policies.

A great deal of Soviet history from 1924 to the present, and especially from 1927 to 1931, is intelligible only when one understands the meaning of Stalin's conflict, first with Trotzky, and then with the right opposition led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky. If this conflict is seen as a purely personal squabble for power, the events of those years become a completely closed book. Now that the smoke of battle, with the exception of a few curls, has cleared, one can say with certainty that tremendous historic forces drove the rival Communist factions into the mortal combat which rocked Russia for five years. What actuated Trotzky, I think, was a fear that revolutionary progress had been so slow as to threaten the safety of the revolution. He sounded the alarm. He uttered warnings of the danger from the peasantry. Without more and faster industrial construction, he maintained, the revolution would perish, though the Soviet regime might persist. His cry shook the party; his criticism goaded it into action. This was a great service to the revolution, and when the Bolsheviks regain the capacity for objective historical judgment, they will admit the value of his performance. Trotzky's summons against the influences which threatened to undermine the character of the regime was heard by Stalin. Stalin did what Trotzky wanted to be done, but he did not do it as Trotzky wished. The uninitiated who cannot distinguish between these two things always claim that Stalin stole Trotzky's program. No, Trotzky merely cranked Stalin's car, and then Stalin took the wheel. For some distance he followed a road recommended by Trotzky, but at its first important fork he turned sharply to the left along a highway that was not marked at all or at best only faintly indicated by a few light penciled dashes on Trotzky's map. That highway led to a collectivized village. Agrarian collectivization is Stalin's biggest contribution to the Soviet revolution. Every Bolshevik believed in it, but it never had a place in Trotzky's immediate program, not because he had not thought of it, but because of the "twenty, thirty, fifty years" which, in his judgment, would elapse before socialism conquered village economy. Trotzky did not come to hold his view by accident. It constitutes the vital part of his most fundamental philosophy of "permanent revolution." Trotzky always held, in accordance with this dogma, that Russia, and especially the Russian peasantry, could become socialistic only *after* the world revolution. Stalin takes a diametrically different stand, and he has been trying, through collectivization, to prove that Trotzky is wrong.

Obviously, such a divergence of views lifts the conflict above the personal. It is not unnatural that Stalin and Trotzky should have fought each other. Long before 1917 Trotzky occasionally cooperated with the Bolsheviks abroad. Yet he was not a Bolshevik. He was for a time a Menshevik. Many times he invited Lenin's fire, and in the emigration he and Lenin fought fiercely with each other. Trotzky joined the Bolshevik Party only in July, 1917. During the ten years that followed he more than atoned for his earlier struggle against bolshevism, but a man like Trotzky does not change his basic ideology altogether. It cropped out even while Lenin lived, and it manifested itself in many ways during his controversy with Stalin.

The Tragic Struggle

The Stalin-Trotzky struggle is perhaps the most dramatic in the history of Sovietism—the most dramatic and the most tragic. There was no room in the party for two such dominant, and in their different ways nearly equal, personalities. One had to go. There could have been no rivalry between Trotzky and Lenin or between Stalin and Lenin. But Stalin had always detested Trotzky. They behaved like bitter enemies during the civil war, when it took all of Lenin's tact to prevent them from flying at each other's throats. Trotzky probably held the less intellectual Stalin in contempt. Bolsheviks are human and cannot always remain impersonal. There was, of course, a personal element in the struggle between these two great men. But it was much more than that.

When Trotzky cranked up Stalin's car, Stalin put on maximum speed so that Trotzky might not seat himself in it or overtake him as he swerved toward collectivization. Stalin took that curve without slowing down. But the rapid

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tempo that has characterized every Bolshevik economic activity since 1929 is to be explained by another and deeper cause. The new policies inaugurated in 1929 released all the pent-up energy and enthusiasm which had lain dormant during the NEP. Communists felt that the socialization of the village and the industrialization of the city constituted the real revolution for which the revolution of 1917 had been made. The very streets and houses shouted this into my ears when I returned to Moscow in January, 1930, after an absence of four months. It did not matter that speed had created difficulties which forced Stalin to publish his famous article on Dizziness with Success in March, 1930, moderating the methods and pace of peasant collectivization. The important fact was that the Five-Year Plan and collectivization cleared the way for the performance of those functions for which history had called the Bolsheviks into power—the final destruction of Russian capitalism, the leveling of the barriers between city and country, the rapid Westernization of a semi-Asiatic nation, the raising of standards of living, and the establishment of a U. S. S. R. economically less dependent and from the military point of view unassailable. This was a task for heroes, and the Bolsheviks rolled up their sleeves with zest and rushed into the fray. Millions of tons of new individual and social vitality came into play. The leaders and their followers overlooked personal hardships and general suffering. Only achievements were registered.

The Five-Year Plan

There were and are many achievements. The four years of the Five-Year Plan have witnessed truly remarkable developments. The concentration of the whole nation's efforts on one central purpose is comparable only to that of belligerent Germany, France, and England—with a difference, however, which makes Russia's experience unique: Russia is working with war-time intensity on the positive task of building the physical and social molds of a new life. The face of the country is being changed literally beyond recognition. This is true of Moscow, with hundreds of streets and squares paved, with thousands of new electric lights, with new suburbs, new buildings, and a cordon of new factories on its outskirts, and it is true of smaller and less important cities. New towns have sprung out of the steppe, the wilderness, and the desert—not just a few towns, but at least fifty of them with populations of from 50,000 to 250,000—all in the last four years, each constructed around an enterprise for the development of some natural resource. Hundreds of new district power stations and a handful of "giants" like Dnieperstroi are gradually putting reality into Lenin's formula: "Electricity plus soviets equals socialism." Roadless Russia of the mujik's cart has today highways and 65,000 automobiles and trucks, as compared with 18,000 in 1927. Railroads are being electrified; numerous steam railroads are being built; the Moscow subway is under construction; two new pipe-lines facilitate Caucasian oil exports; the digging of the Moscow-Volga canal has been started; a network of civil airlines covers the country; whole territories have been reclaimed from desert and tundra. The Soviet Union now engages in the large-scale manufacture of an endless variety of articles which Russia never before produced—tractors, combines, high-grade steels, synthetic rubber, ball bearings, high-power Diesel motors, 50,000-kilowatt turbines, telephone-exchange equipment, electrical mining machinery, aeroplanes, automobiles, lorries, bicycles, electric-welding equipment, and several hundred types of new machines. Despite the vast number of newly built factories requiring equipment, Russia imported only 14.7 per cent of her machinery needs in 1931, compared with 58.6 per cent in 1913. Economic independence, in other words, keeps pace with industrial construction. According to the German Institut für Konjunktur-Forschung, industrial production in the U. S. S. R. in 1931 was 301.7 per cent of the industrial production in the same area in 1913.

For the first time Russia is mining aluminum, magnesium, apatite, iodine, potash, and many other valuable minerals. Lazy, feudal Russia is likewise being shaken into life. The guiding landmark on the Soviet countryside is no longer the dome of a rich church towering over the ugly mud-thatched peasant huts clustered in its shadow, but the grain elevator and the silo. Collectives are building piggeries, barns, and houses. Electricity is penetrating the illiterate village, and radio and newspaper have conquered it. Workers are learning to operate the world's most modern machines; peasant boys make and use agricultural machinery bigger and more complicated than ever America has seen; and Russian children, in cities as well as in villages, begin to recognize, as American children do, the various makes of automobiles, tractors, and trucks. Russia is becoming "machine-minded." Russia is passing quickly from the age of wood into an age of iron, steel, concrete, and motors.

All this upbuilding is an impressive, exciting phenomenon. But what of the cost? Objection to high costs was the essential feature of the program of the right wing led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky. They wanted to repay the promissory note. Stalin feels that repayment now would leave the state without the means of continuing its grandiose schemes. The moderates reply, "We can wait." The paradox of it all is that the opposition from the right has increased costs. To combat Rykov, the Communist Party accentuated its struggle with the engineers and specialists who were his allies. The injustice of undiscriminating repressive measures embittered the technical intelligentsia against the government, and the transfer of thousands of engineers from productive jobs to prison in 1929 and 1930 retarded the Five-Year Plan many months. (The failure to make proper use of foreign specialists is having the same effect today.) The desire, moreover, to disprove the wisdom of the "Go slow" tactics of the right spurred the party on to industrialize at an ever faster rate. The same results followed the discovery and development of unsuspected natural and human reserves through the intensive utilization, for the first time in Russian history, of visible resources.

The right wing objected to the destruction of the kulaks by uneconomic measures. I think it was correct in this stand. For if the *Pravda* can complain today that kulak influence is still potent in the kolhozi, then apparently even the ruthless and sweeping methods applied by Stalin have not eradicated the evil. An evil which affects several million people cannot be cured by wholesale extermination, especially since new kulaks are bred each season by certain Soviet administrative errors and by concrete conditions. On the other hand, the right wing's solicitude for the kulak was part and parcel of its objection to rapid collectivization and, above all, of Bukharin's policy "Enrich yourself." If the peasants had enriched themselves as private cultivators, there would

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have developed a large class of kulaks who demanded goods in return for bigger harvests; and since the Soviet Government would not have been in a position to furnish such goods, they would have exerted irresistible pressure on the Bolsheviks to import consumers' goods—an expedient which at that time would have obstructed, if not stopped, industrialization. It would have meant, moreover, the political intrenchment of a landed middle class interested in the desocializing of the Soviet state. The compromises demanded by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky represent an inclined plane down which bolshevism would have rushed to destruction. Stalin won in 1930 because the majority of the party realized this. For the same reason, right-wing tendencies will always be a greater danger to the revolution than radical left policies. Right-wingers inevitably defend the interests of the peasantry, and such an attitude in an overwhelmingly rural nation is a menace. No matter, therefore, what zigzags the exigencies of the moment may induce, the general tendency in Russia is toward the left. Youth mans factories and to an increasing extent dominates many phases of political and social life. It represents a reserve of radicalism which will not soon be exhausted. Youth does not count cost carefully; it can wait for future benefits. It accepts the promise of bolshevism. This circumstance sometimes misleads the leaders into expecting too many sacrifices from the people.

The Shortage of Goods

Today's acute shortage of consumers' goods is the inevitable consequence of the huge capital investment involved in the Five-Year Plan. The difficulties experienced in buying food and clothing mar the perspective of superficial or unphilosophical foreign observers more than they do that of most Soviet citizens, who, when they can pause in the mad course of Soviet life and think, readily distinguish between temporary hardships resulting from buoyant growth and permanent, fundamental gains. The Five-Year Plan is neither the end of Soviet construction nor an end in itself. If it has not improved the lot of the common man or at least created the possibility of rapid future improvement, it has failed. This, and not cold percentages, is the true measure of its success. "Two million workers' families," the *Pravda* says today, "received new apartments during the last six years." Here is one solid cultural achievement based on economic progress. There are others. But the real benefits of the first Five-Year Plan must become apparent in the second, when the state will divert energy and funds from capital investment to the gratification of the popular desire for a better life. I think the present low level of supplies is already compelling the government to make a quicker shift of emphasis from heavy to light industry than it had contemplated. The result must be a rapid rise in living standards. The Five-Year Plan has given the Bolsheviks a much wider base for economic maneuvering and much bigger reserves. New plants and new workers, despite their inefficiency, will very soon pay more dividends in the form of consumers' goods. Moscow, which the Communists wish to convert into a "city beautiful," is already feeling the effect of increased national wealth on its communal economy. Other cities are changing too. Villages have been doing so much building that Kaganovich recently urged calling a halt because such activity was diverting too much labor and material from farming. I feel as if this were the beginning of the end of a long Soviet winter which has lasted several years. Now the earth commences to smell of spring.

Apart from material improvements, the revolution has brought many permanent benefits which may vary in quality with economic conditions, but which are rooted in the revolution itself. These include cultural freedom for national minorities; the spread of higher education—1,500,000 students in colleges, universities, and technicums, compared with 563,000 in 1914; universal compulsory elementary education; the advancing elimination of illiteracy; the Latinization of Asiatic alphabets, which has stimulated education and Westernization; the lifting of the veil in Moslem sections of the U. S. S. R.; the participation of the workers in industrial management; the admission of proletarians, peasants, and Jews to universities and important government positions; the suppression of the social influence of an established church which encouraged superstition and ignorance; the spread of newspapers, libraries, and books; huge state subsidies for scientific research; the establishment of courts of simple justice unencumbered by lying lawyers, delays, and heavy expenditure; the introduction of the theater and the museum into the lives of workers; a system of mother and child care which has radically reduced infant mortality; equal rights for women (indeed, women have more rights than men); the creation of a new kind of family through healthy public opinion, sensible marriage and divorce codes, and a chain of day nurseries that is now taking in the villages too; the progress of non-professional sports and physical culture in a country where leisure for the masses once meant drunken brawls; the development of a new type of soldier, enlightened, polite, with broadened social horizon and keen political consciousness in place of the stupid Czarist recruit; a new psychological approach to the criminal, which includes cure through labor, reeducation, and free communal life; the opening of Russia's aristocratic and royal spas and rich villas to hundreds of thousands of workers and peasants who never knew what cure, vacation, and rest meant; the destruction of a class of idle rich which consumed much and produced nothing; the rise of a class of incorruptible leaders and officials who have made the world forget that Russia used to be the symbol of bribery and ministerial venality; the weakening of the private-property sense, its almost total elimination in the new generation, and an increased emphasis on social service rather than personal enrichment; the creation of a social incentive in addition to the ordinary individual incentive in industry and government office; the absence of unemployment; the introduction of the world's most inclusive system of social health, accident, and health insurance; free medical and apothecary service in which the physician does not have to be a business man; economic planning; finally, the territorial integrity of Russia.

It is significant and good that many of these achievements are now so thoroughly accepted that they are no longer placed in the balance against the difficulties of the present. As soon as improved conditions reduce those difficulties, and invest the permanent social and cultural benefits with richer content, the rosy side of the Soviet Revolution will come more fully into view. But the process of industrializing a country and educating a whole nation cannot be short and it must be trying. An individual is impatient; to history, fifteen years are but as one brief afternoon.

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Shock Brigades

Translated by LYDIA NADEJENA and JAMES RORTY

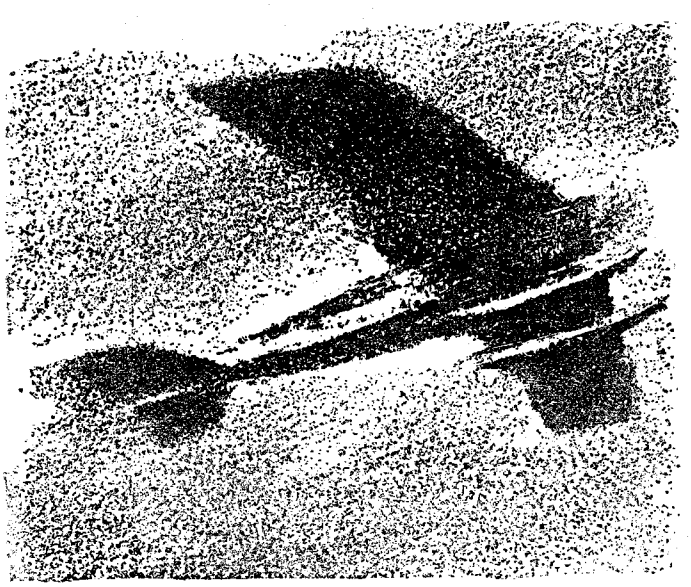
[*The verses and drawings on this page and the next are taken from a Russian picture book, "The Contest Board," by S. Marshak, foremost children's poet and head of the Academy of Children's Literature, and V. Lebedev, whose work is internationally known. The book is typical of hundreds published every year by the Soviet Government, most of them remarkable for their simplicity, vigor, and graphic quality. Russia's leading artists and writers contribute to this growing post-revolutionary literature for children.*]

The Puddlers' Guild

Who worked
best of all?
Who shirked
least of all?
Who promised most, and most fulfilled?
The Puddlers! The Puddlers!
It is the Puddlers' Guild!

And so the puddler wins,
And on his coat he pins
The airplane badge of speed
For making things we need.
The Puddlers! The Puddlers!
Hurrah for the Puddlers' Guild!

And if you ask me why:
The airplane is the fastest,
In war it is the bravest;
See, where the airplane soars,
Climbs higher still and roars
Its challenge to the sky.



The Slackers' Guild

We have the slacker too—
I hope he isn't you.
He always says, "Excuse,"
He isn't any use.
He's dirty,
He's sleepy,
He yawns, and rubs his eyes—
He gets the turtle prize.

And when you ask me why
I hear the workers cry:
"The turtle is so slow,
The turtle is so low
He couldn't
even fall;
All he can do
is crawl
Within his
silly shell."

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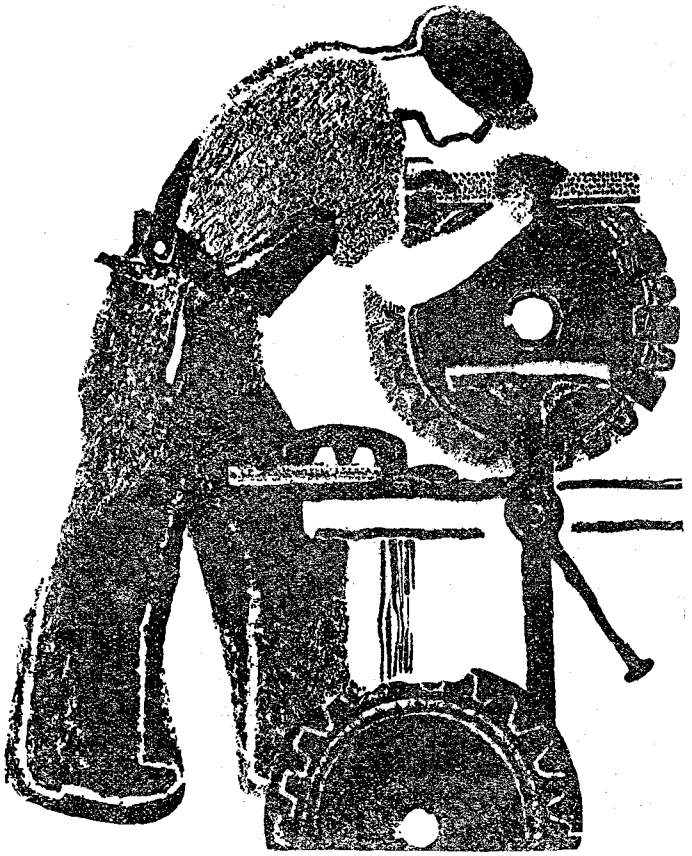
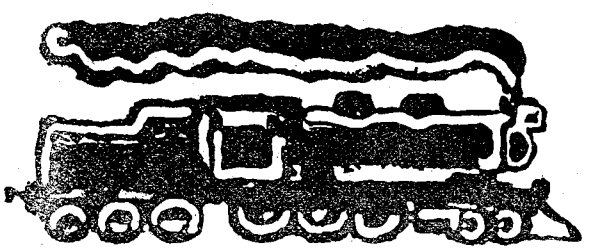


The Smiths' Guild

Blacksmiths,
never tire!
Swing the sledge,
blow the fire!

Honor to the blacksmith's crew,
What they promise, that they do.
Waste and laziness they shun,
See the prize the smiths have won:
An engine, a steaming, roaring engine!

And you can guess, it won't be hard
The reason for the smiths' award:
The engine's powerful and proud,
He pants and puffs and whistles loud,
He eats the miles up, dong-ding-dong,
And drags a train of cars along.



The Repair Guild

What guild
next we sing?
Who made
the hammers ring?
Repair men! Repair men!
To them a prize we bring.

They heaved and pried and bent
With speed and yet with care,
Until the factory sent
A prize for them to wear—
A shining motor car.

And if you ask me why
A motor car, I'll try
To tell you: on the ground
Nothing so fast is found.
His cylinders purr,
His wheels are a blur,
He tops the hills with scorn,
And sounds his conquering horn.

All—a Shock Brigade

The founder's one,
The smith is two,
The painter, carpenter, and you,
The turner's lathe, the trapper's gun
This whole big land's
a shock brigade,
We're workers all
in one big guild
Keeping the pace
that all have willed.

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Soviet Women

By LYDIA NADEJENA

WHOEVER has trusted himself to the tides of Russian realities knows what an intense experience it is. One finds oneself engulfed in the rushing stream of life, carried along by the moving wall of masses toward a vision that asserts itself as a reality, to which millions of lives are devoted with deepest emotional intensity. Women make up almost half of that mass of humanity which is struggling to bring about a rationally planned civilization and a new humane culture. I saw the Soviet woman in the whirl of the day performing a double task: adjusting herself to a completely changed material world and to a new mental attitude; struggling with the inherited material culture based on private ownership and with the material of her own psychological make-up. I saw that the revolution meant for her, perhaps even more than for the man, not only a change of governments or a change of values, but a great spiritual upheaval that rocked her entire world.

My very first contacts with women in the new Russia made me realize how tremendous a factor in their lives these revolutionary years had been. Entering the Soviet Union through the back door, I was not met by the swarming world that greets the traveler who goes directly to Moscow. I arrived in Odessa in the winter. Odessa was quiet. It was very cold; the port was frozen, people were bundled up. My two American friends and I were the only passengers besides a Soviet diplomat on the freighter that brought us from Istanbul. A young Russian woman met the boat. As we knew no one in the city, she politely volunteered to take us around. Passing through the central streets she sadly remarked: "The city is not quite over the years of destruction, of civil war and famine. At that time all these blocks were 'sighing blocks'; from nearly every house came moans, and in the evening all was quiet."

"I remember," she continued rather monotonously, "I once saw a woman sitting on the ground with her hand stretched out. She was begging silently. I had no change with me; later on I got some, and when I came back I found her on the same spot with her hand stretched out in the same way. I came closer to her. She needed no help; she was dead."

I asked her whether she had always lived in Odessa. No, she had come from the Ukraine to go to college in Odessa when the revolution broke out. Then she went to the front as a Red Army soldier for two years, never taking off her uniform. We were silent. I looked at her; she had an oval face and soft brown eyes, and she wore her modest clothing in a feminine fashion. As if catching my thoughts, she said: "I have two children, girls. In those years I had one, and I did not see her for almost three years." "Such years they were," she added, as if trying to make me understand.

It is not only the woman who is aware of the change of her status. The man in Soviet Russia realizes it also. In Novorossiisk we hired an *izvoztchik* to take us to the bank; his price was one ruble. I asked him why he charged so much, and he replied that his horse was hungry and oats were very expensive. On the way, hearing us repeat the word "ruble," he decided that we were still discussing his price; he burst out indignantly about the horse and the oats and his coachman's uniform that was falling to pieces. When I asked him why he had not told his wife to mend the uniform, he turned suddenly, gave me a piercing look, turned back, whipped his horse in rage, and said: "No! I have no wife. God had mercy on me."

He whipped his horse again. "Who wants a wife nowadays? Nowadays one not only cannot teach a woman, but before you have time to look around, she'll be the first one to slap you." He was not one to tie himself up with a woman of today.

The woman of today, however, has also something to say about getting tied up. In fact, she has very much to say. We were going by train from the Caucasus to Kiev. In my compartment were two young women. The train was swiftly rolling along the rails; it was warm and light in the compartment. A basket stood on the floor, and every now and then a cork shot up from a big bottle filled with tomato catsup. Between the poppings of the cork (which one of the girls replaced each time with amazing calmness and patience) we discussed times, conditions, education, genetics, marriage. One of the girls was a former servant, now a college student in Kiev. The students' quarters are in the ancient Michailovsky monastery. "Come when you are in Kiev and see how we live," she said. "Of course, not everything is ideal; the revolution was like the crest of a big wave. It seemed to us at the beginning that we could reach the sky, that from illiteracy we could reach in one leap the height of knowledge, that we could study, bear children, and build a new civilization all at the same time. The world was open to us. Everything seemed possible. What was the result? Every student got married and had children, and now there is such a noise in the students' home that it is very hard to study."

The cork jumped out again, and red foam ran down the sides of the bottle. "Oh, aunts have such notions. I wish she had not given me that catsup. Well, we learn from experience." The cork was screwed on again, and the girl continued:

"Yes, we learn from experience. The government is right when it says 'Marry if you want, but get a room for yourself.' If three girls live in one room and one of them marries, the new couple needs the room and the two girl comrades have to crowd in with the others. Obviously, that's inconvenient. Well, we are organizing a nursery at the end of the hall; we will take turns in taking care of the children in the evening so that the rest of us can study."

The other girl, slender and very delicate looking, agreed that it was a good plan, and that in time everything would be taken care of in a proper way. As to marriage, she thought it ought to be encouraged because "the new state needs new citizens, free from prejudices." She was a Crimean and was teaching Russian in a Tartar school. In her opinion most of the prejudices were racial and religious. As a remedy against them she strongly recommended intermar-

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riage between people of different races and faiths because it would create a healthy race and a "real brotherhood of nations." Especially did she believe in mixed marriages between Russian Slavs and Russian Jews. "The latter," she said, "do not drink, make good and devoted husbands, love children—all of which works as a stabilizing factor in family life. And besides, the Jews have good minds, a thing which even the Czar's government could not take away from them. In the Czar's regime they were the under-dogs and grew anemic and nervous. All this is gone, and now through marriage of Jews with healthy Russians and Ukrainians a marvelous young generation would grow up."

In Leningrad I became interested in the work that is carried on to bring about a union (*smychka*) between town and village. In one of the offices working toward that end I met Marussia, a young, alert, beautiful woman. She looked very efficient and charming; I am sure she could get a job in a good American office. She was busy on the telephone giving instructions as to what implements should or should not be taken to the villages by the shock brigades, what literature should be distributed among the peasants and agricultural workers, encouraging those who needed help and advice in the struggle against inefficiency and laxity, or greeting enthusiastically those shock brigades returning triumphantly from the various agricultural sectors. It was some time before she was able to greet me.

I suddenly noticed how frail she was. Her coworker came over to her desk and begged her to have lunch before going to a meeting. The reply was: "Nichevo! Here is a comrade waiting, and I have had no chance to talk to her." She gave me some information and told me of a meeting of shock brigades that I could attend if I wanted to. On the suggestion of her coworker she agreed to show me the dining-room. She left for a moment, and two comrades, a man and a woman, spoke about her health with concern. There was a striking suggestion of family ties between these workers.

Marussia came back and while she was putting on her jacket she asked me how comrades in America lived, how long I had been in Soviet Russia. On the steps she suddenly paused, smiled apologetically, and said: "What a shame, not old yet and failing in health." "You must attend to it," said I. "Oh, but there is no time to fuss about it now; now we have the sowing campaign. I'll do it in July; I'll go to the Caucasus, I'll go to the watering-places. But not now; just now is the sowing season."

At lunch she told me of her first love during the first year of the revolution. The revolutionary tides carried her to Tiflis, separating her from him for a whole year. She thought of him all the time; she dreamed about him, and then finally he came. But a revolutionary year is like twenty other years. "In the perspective of that long year I saw it was but a mirage. The roads of our lives were running apart. Love-making meant so much to him. And somehow, I felt the emptiness that would follow when the thrill was gone. Well, he was no life-mate for me."

"But, Marussia, that does not sound very modern."

She became very earnest. "No, I don't agree. I think," said Marussia, "that a revolutionist, a Communist, a Soviet person thinks just that way of life as a whole. We think in terms of structure; such is the testament of Lenin." She really was grave now, this frail young woman. She paused for a while and added: "Not all old words and concepts are bad. And only those of our leaders who did not waste themselves on infatuations were really great and creative. Revolution and sex-madness are not the same. Sex-madness fills the life of those who have nothing or very little to offer to life. Ah, life! Isn't it marvelous!" Her face glowed. Bidding me goodby, Marussia smiled gently and said: "How big and small the world is; here from two worlds apart we come together and part friends. Who knows whether we shall meet again. Give my regards to those to whom the Soviet Union is dear."

Some of my unforgettable experiences with Soviet women I had on the famous state farm, the "Giant." I went there because I wished to see the hitherto uncultivated steppe, where nothing but tulips and feather-grass grew before. I wanted to see that vast, mechanized Soviet farm, portent of a new day in agricultural economy. When I arrived I saw thousands of working men and women. Women everywhere. Women instructors, office workers, mechanics, and tractor-drivers. One evening a group of girls gathered about the house occupied by Sovkino, the Soviet film company. Someone remarked that tractor-driving was not good for a woman's health. A tall, broad-chested woman with bronze skin and flaxen hair jumped up:

"What? What do you mean? What did we fight for? There is nothing a woman cannot do!"

"Natasha, calm down."

"You calm down! What did we shed our blood for?"

Natasha was a tractor-driver and had won a contest as the best caretaker of her machine. Natasha believed that she single-handed could harness the steppe. To her it was the victory of the revolution for which she had fought.

At the Giant were village girls with no family or home to go back to, no traditions left or apparently needed; and many boys, and open fields. One day I sat down to rest near the warehouse with a group of working girls. They told me they had all come to the farm together, and when I asked them whether they had families with them, they looked at me strangely and said gravely: "No, we are here alone. We stick together."

"And by the time summer is over, you'll all be married?" I asked jokingly.

"No, thanks!"

"Does it mean that there will be Soviet convents?"

"No, not at all! Men go in herds, and so will we. That's what girls ought to do; stick to each other and go in herds."

Then one of them turned to me and fixing her kerchief said: "What good is marriage to a woman? One does not know where the other one comes from. And when the work is all finished and they all start out to all four corners of the earth, what are you then? A wife, or what?" She shrugged her shoulders and added in a slightly hoarse voice: "And you may be heavy with a child by that time; and the man may be assigned to the devil's backyard. So what are you going to do?"

One of the listeners remarked thoughtfully: "Yes, then you'll have new work to do: to trail the man through the entire land to collect alimony." The remark was greeted by a chorus of laughter.

I liked to listen to the conversations of the women workers on the state farm. Some of them were good Soviet workers, but the old village superstitions and beliefs remained

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deeply rooted in them. One of the girls said she liked the life in the commune for many reasons, and especially because she got rid of the nightmares she had in the village, when all the forest devils would come night after night to her house trying to pull her away in her sleep. Then she added: "It is because the priest and the witch are always at odds in our village." Another girl said all that was nonsense and a hold-over from the past, and that she had not heard of anyone being really bothered by devils and water-spirits since the revolution.

Of the many obscure heroines of Soviet Russia I have given here just a few examples lightly traced. Russian women plunged into communism and industrialism almost directly from a feudal civilization, skipping the long stage of gradual development between. During this brief period of fifteen years they have had little time to pause, to study, to evaluate; they have had to learn from their own experience, which has been wide and varied, in a world completely different from the one which even their parents knew.

Today on fair terms of equality with men, the women of Soviet Russia participate fully in every activity. During the past five years over 3,000,000 women have entered governmental and industrial occupations in Soviet Russia. During the present year 323,000 women will become party members; 1,500,000 girls will be added to the Komsomols; 300,000 women will become members of the Soviets, the executive and controlling committees; 500,000 more women will be engaged in different governmental departments; over 4,000,000 will be in unions, while many thousands will enter the ranks of teachers, doctors, agricultural specialists, and engineers.

The Soviet Government grants large funds for the material and cultural needs of women. For the protection of mothers and children alone 500,000,000 rubles have been spent in the last three years. For playgrounds and kindergartens 200,000,000 rubles were spent in 1931; 1,400,000 nursery beds were placed in collective farms, and 5,000,000 peasant children were accepted in nurseries and playgrounds.

By these means the revolution has smashed the wall of centuries-old inertia. Clashes of religious, moral, and social concepts are painful and confusing. The mind of the Soviet woman works hard, groping for an understanding and a readjustment. The catastrophic speed with which the world is changing hastens her thought. She makes a desperate effort to break through the thick shell of ancient custom and superstition, to be worthy of the responsible role of a creator in life that is now offered her for the first time in history.

Proletarian Music

By ASHLEY PETTIS

IN the building of the museum section of the State Publishing Society in Moscow is a huge sign epitomizing the attitude of the Soviet Government toward music. It reads: "Let us improve the quality of musical production, which is an instrument for the organization of the masses in social construction." After studying the methods adopted by the state to further this ideal, I am convinced that the new proletarian music of Soviet Russia is the most significant and complete expression of the Communist order. The people, through factory and workers' units, are being trained not only for hearing and appreciating both old and new music, but especially for participating in the performance of new works, both those of recognized composers and of students of composition endeavoring to reflect the spirit of the times. The part played by musical "collectives" both among workers and in the Red Army is a vital factor in imbuing the masses with the conception of music as an integral part of their lives —a conception which is unique in the development of the art. These collectives, of which there are a great many throughout Russia, carry on a large variety of musical activities under the direction of trained musicians.

In the collective, the director is constantly on the alert to discover new and genuine talent for the experimental classes for workers which are run in connection with the schools of music. And those workers who give sufficient promise in the experimental classes are permitted eventually to devote all their time and energy to the study of music under expert guidance, at the expense of the Soviet state. At the present time some three hundred workers have qualified for entrance into the regular courses of the High School of Music in Moscow.

A most interesting development in the collectives is the growth of public forums for the discussion of new musical works. Since the audiences who take part in these forums are comprised of workers as well as trained musicians, all aspects of new compositions are considered: those qualified to do so analyze and discuss the technical side of the works; the workers provide the sociological point of view in discussing the spirit of the work in relation to the world in which they live. I witnessed in Moscow the first performance and discussion of a new proletarian work, a scene from Davidenko's opera "1919." The singers were selected from various workers' units, and the audience, which packed a hall in the High School of Music, was composed primarily of workers, with a mixture of students from the music schools, representatives of the press, critics, musicians, and others. The intense interest of those present was written on their faces. The discussion followed the first performance, after which the work was repeated in order to clarify points which had been debated. Incidentally, the publication of new works and their presentation in the opera houses and concert halls is not undertaken until these compositions have received favorable consideration in open discussion.

The nationalistic Russian school, before the rule of communism, sought mainly in Russian folklore the legendary elements for its musical-dramatic creations. The old Russian folk music, which influenced certain works of Moussorgsky and Borodin, and the ancient peasant life of Russia, to whose beliefs, ceremonies, and prejudices the revolution brought death and substitution, have no direct influence on the work of modern Russian composers, who have sought to eliminate all those melodic and harmonic influences of the earlier folk-

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lore. At the same time they abjure, above all, the "foreign" and "bourgeois" traits of European and Russian composers who have striven for brilliancy and imposing effects. They are attempting in their new proletarian songs and words to deal with the realities of life in a workers' state and to develop a new Russian school of music free of all bourgeois and pseudo-Russian influences.

In the teaching of music, the social influences which affected the technique as well as the spirit of the masters are considered. In the study of Bach, not only the more obvious spiritual qualities of his writing, but the character of his counterpoint as it was influenced and developed in a period of religious reformation, is studied profoundly. The technical and spiritual aspects of music of all periods are, from the Marxian point of view, interdependent. The young composer of the new order is vigorously criticized by his instructors and his colleagues to the end that all "anachronistic" qualities shall be eliminated from his work. Needless to say, the composer who has developed since the revolution, and who has been influenced by the new ways of life, more readily attains this ideal than the older composers whose early education, musical and otherwise, was obtained under the old regime. In considering both the "genuineness" of the work of the embryo composer and his technical proficiency, a new musical mind is being developed. It is easy, even for the layman, to understand that reactionary influences and musical references to the works of older masters and other periods are easily recognized in the creations of the new school of composers. All "bourgeois" tendencies are condemned.

The development of intelligent musical audiences is undertaken not only in connection with the various factory and workers' units but also by means of radio programs of both old and new music. Explanatory lectures, along Marxian lines, are given in connection with all radio programs of music by competent musicians and critics trained for this particular purpose in the government music schools. Only non-technical language is permitted in the analysis of music over the radio. Music of a popular nature, which is vulgar in character and considered to be unrelated to the actualities and aspirations of Soviet life, is treated as pseudo-music of no real value. The writing of jazz, while not banned, is discouraged. The government musical publications also play a large part in the education of the masses. There are several of these with enormous circulations. As in broadcasting, only non-technical language is used in the music journals. The Soviet Government not only provides instruction for performers, critics, and composers in its many splendid and highly organized music schools; it also sees that competent and gifted musicians have relief from economic problems during creative periods, that their completed works are adequately performed and their new compositions are published.

Drawing by Gropper

A musical education in Soviet Russia is of twelve years' duration, and is divided into three courses of four years each. Children who qualify enter the preparatory course in the technicum between seven and eight years of age. The first and second courses are taken in the technicum; the third in the high school of music. A splendid example of technicum, of which there are five in Moscow, is the school which was formerly the famous Gnessin Conservatory of Music. It was founded by the Gnessin family thirty-eight years ago and is still under the supervision of two of the Gnessin sisters, one of whom, Helene, was the favorite pupil of Arensky. The children are required to study academic subjects other than music; and their musical education embraces solfeggio, instrumental specialization, and choral and instrumental ensembles—these last have particular significance under communism. Gretchaninov, a distinguished music-master under the old regime, has written new choral works for the children of the Gnessin school.

The high schools of music not only carry on the work begun in the technicum, but specialize in experimental classes for workers, where those of mature years who show musical aptitude are given an opportunity to test their musical potentialities. Those of particular talent are assured a thorough technical training and eventual entry into the musical profession. A most interesting innovation in technical training, in the high school of music, is the simultaneous teaching of harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, and composition. In the final stages of instruction an intensive study of orchestration is made, and the characteristic orchestral writing of the greatest masters is analyzed phrase by phrase. The sociological aspects of all these works are considered, and the Marxian analysis is applied. This point of view has been developed and excellently stated by Tchemodonov, the distinguished critic, in his book, "The History of Music in Connection with the History of Social Life."

The ramifications of musical development are so numerous that the ability of Soviet Russia to absorb its technically proficient musicians seems to be almost unlimited. Widespread musical activity has created a great demand for trained musicians as radio announcers—they receive special training for this work—instructors in collectives, organizers and leaders of instrumental and choral ensembles in connection with workers' units; and there is plenty of opportunity for proletarian composers and for performers in the programs required for the vast number of opera houses and concert halls throughout the Soviet Union.

The special encouragement given proletarian musicians to compose popular songs has resulted in the production of a great number, which are prepared for publication

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by the Soviet of Proletarian Composers under the leadership of Davidenko and Bialy. Copies of these songs are issued in pamphlet and sheet-music form, and have an enormous circulation, at nominal cost, among the masses. These popular works in small form are, from the Communist point of view, not to be considered artistically inferior to the works of composers in larger forms, such as the symphony and opera. On seemingly good authority I had been informed that all the proletarian songs were march tunes. Upon examining my collection, I find that while songs in march time predominate, there is a great diversity in the character of the rhythm and the musical content, as well as in the words. The scores are rich in bold melodies, and are frequently of extraordinary harmonic richness. The words of the peoples' songs give a graphic idea of their spirit. If they are historical in character, as is frequently the case, they have to do with the struggle to attain the new freedom or with some event of the present social order, such as the death of Lenin. The tragic grief of the people at the time of the death of Lenin is magnificently expressed in a dirge by the proletarian composer Shechter, with words by Asejew. Other popular and typical songs are "Proletarian Countries Unite!" by Bialy, "Hooligan's Song," which pokes fun at young hoodlums, "Work Is an Honor" (after Stalin's words), "March of the Shock Brigadiers," which begins "Work is a glory and fame for us," and many others of diverse character too numerous to mention here.

The work of composers in large forms has, until very recently, been frankly experimental, and the period since the revolution may be considered transitional so far as these composers are concerned. With the advent of certain works for full orchestra and chorus, such as the "October" of Shostakovich and the opera "1919" of Davidenko, a new epoch in music in Russia may be considered to have been inaugurated. Especially the latter composition, in its glorification of collective labor and in its preservation of the proletarian character of peasant songs, may be considered as a fulfilment of the new tendencies in the music of Soviet Russia.

Among the works in the larger musical forms which have been experimental in character along new lines are "North Wind," by Knipper, in which non-musical declamation and conversation are employed; "Raid," by Potozky, a pupil of Moussorgsky and Tschaikovsky; a ballet, "Red Poppy," by Gliere, reflecting the revolutionary spirit; another ballet, "The Football Player," by Oransky; a concerto by Vasilenko for balalaika and orchestra; a "Symphonic Monument," entitled "1915-1917," by Gnessin; and "Music of the Machines," for full orchestra, by Mossolow.

The homage accorded Lenin in the cultural development of the Soviet people is richly deserved. His principle that the worker should have an outlet for his energies, thoughts, and emotions along some line other than his daily work has paved the way for the birth, development, and recognition of the proletarian composer.

The Final Test of the League

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 28

THE thirteenth ordinary Assembly of the League of Nations was unusually short and more than usually barren. It would have been still shorter but for the prolonged squabble between the great Powers over the partition of the spoils, that is, of the principal posts in the secretariat. That is the sort of question that really interests the governments of the world and calls forth all their energies.

The Assembly could not, of course, deal with the two great problems of the moment, disarmament and Manchuria, which are reserved, respectively, to the Disarmament Conference and to a special Assembly which will meet after the Council has considered the Lytton report. The session of the Council for that purpose has been fixed for November 21. It will be preceded by a meeting of the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference. Herriot hopes that it will be possible to present the new French plan to the bureau by about November 10. Nobody yet knows even what the main lines of the plan will be, but the fact that it is disliked by the French General Staff is encouraging. Although the fact has been denied, the conflict between the General Staff and the Cabinet has been acute, and General Weygand, the commander-in-chief, has tried to intimidate Herriot by threatening to resign.

The League of Nations has reached a critical moment in its history and the discussions that will begin next month will decide its future. The Disarmament Conference has arrived at a stage at which further shilly-shallying is impossible and decisions will have to be made. The German ultimatum, dubious as its motives were, has at least brought the other Powers up sharp and forced them to face the problem. It is normally impossible—and the French recognize it—for the other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles to resist the rearmament of Germany any longer unless they disarm themselves. And the rearmament of Germany would be a disaster. It is because Herriot has at last understood this that his attitude has changed for the better. He is in a difficult position with Germany menacing on one side and England holding back on the other, and if he has the courage to give a bold lead, it will be greatly to his credit.

The policy of the British government, if it has one, continues to be wrapped in obscurity. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon are prolific in fine words and sterile in acts. MacDonald appealed to a deputation of ecclesiastics headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on October 20 to help his government to do "the broad, just, fundamental, and eternal thing," but gave no indication in his speech of any reductions in British armaments that he and his colleagues were prepared to make. The Archbishop, who had suggested in his speech that disarmament was an affair not of words and resolutions but of soldiers and engines of war, would probably have been more gratified by something temporal, such as an undertaking to abolish tanks, for instance, than by a promise of excursions into eternity. The only initiative yet taken by MacDonald has been an unfortunate one—the

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proposal of a four-Power conference on the German claim to equality of status. That proposal has caused uneasiness all over the Continent and with reason. MacDonald's favorite method of arriving at decisions on international problems by secret conclaves between the four great Western Powers is a menace to the rights and liberties of other countries. It has become clear that MacDonald hates and fears the publicity of Geneva and aims at dispossessing the League of Nations, at any rate so far as European questions are concerned, in favor of a new Holy Alliance. Hence the hostility of the present British government to the Commission for European Union, on which, although it is an organ of the League, all European countries, whether members of the League or not, including Russia, are represented. It is a strange irony that the man who was one of the founders, with the late E. D. Morel, of the Union of Democratic Control, should have become so fervent a practitioner of the methods of secret diplomacy.

Apart from the objection on general grounds to secret negotiations restricted to a few great Powers, any negotiations with Germany will be futile, if not dangerous, unless and until the other Powers agree on a disarmament plan. Sir John Simon said in the House of Commons on October 24 that one of the reasons why the British government desired a four-Power conference was that it wanted the matter cleared up and that no rearming should take place in the meantime—that is, presumably, before the end of the Disarmament Conference. The matter is already clear enough. The German government has declared that it proposes to rearm unless the other Powers disarm; so the only question is whether and how far the other Powers are prepared to disarm. To ask for an assurance from Germany that she will not begin rearming during the Disarmament Conference is to imply that she may, in certain circumstances, begin rearming when the conference is over. There is no need to be in any hurry to get Germany back to the Disarmament Conference. German armaments are limited already and nobody proposes to reduce them. What the other Powers have to do is to discuss the reduction and limitation of their own armaments, and they can do that quite as well, if not better, without Germany. MacDonald's proposal has simply wasted time and caused further delay.

The question of Manchuria is not only as vitally important to the peace of the world as that of disarmament but is closely bound up with it. On the solution of the one depends to a great extent the solution of the other. If Japan is allowed to defy the League of Nations and the whole world, what security will there be for anybody? If Japan can violate with impunity the Treaty of Versailles (of which the Covenant of the League of Nations is part), the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact, why should not Germany violate the Treaties of Locarno, by which she undertook never to try to alter any of her existing frontiers by force, and seize the Polish Corridor, if and when she is strong enough to do so? Still more, why should she not violate the Treaty of Versailles and rearm? For whereas Germany signed the Treaties of Locarno of her own free will, she signed the Treaty of Versailles under protest, because she had to.

There can be no doubt that the weakness of the League of Nations in the matter of the Sino-Japanese conflict has encouraged the German militarists to adopt their present arrogant attitude. They now believe that, whatever they may choose to do, they have nothing to fear from the League of Nations. And how can the French reasonably be expected to disarm, if the Covenant of the League becomes a dead letter? It is because Paris has at last recognized what a bad precedent acquiescence in Japanese aggression would be, that the French attitude on the Manchurian question has changed.

Moreover, Japan is at present the greatest obstacle to any effective reduction of armaments. The two worst delegations at the Disarmament Conference have been the British and Japanese delegations, and the British delegation has used Japanese obstruction as an excuse for its own. Last July when Simon was maneuvering at Geneva against the acceptance of the Hoover plan by the conference as a basis of discussion, one of the chief arguments that he used to the other delegations was that Japan would never accept it. Japan will never voluntarily accept any disarmament convention of any value. Strong pressure from the rest of the world will be necessary to force her to agree to any substantial reduction of her armaments. Whether that pressure succeeds will depend on the way in which the question of Manchuria is dealt with. If the Japanese are allowed to have their own way in Manchuria, they will conclude with reason that they can safely be uncompromising in the matter of disarmament.

As the author of the remarkable letter Behind the Cables, in *The Nation* of October 19, said, and as the Japanese delegation at Geneva has said, the British government is now the only friend left to Japan. In one respect, and one only, I think that the author of that article was probably mistaken, namely, in attributing too much importance to Sir John Simon's influence on British policy. Simon is merely an advocate doing his best for a shady client. Somebody here said the other day that he had got too many people convicted to have any convictions, and the general impression at Geneva is that he would defend any other policy with equal ardor. He simply speaks from a brief supplied by the British Foreign Office or the Admiralty, as the case may be, and certain persons who have come into close contact with him in the Disarmament Conference tell me that their impression is that he would have been prepared to go much farther in the direction of disarmament than he was allowed to go.

Whatever policy Sir John Simon had to defend, his methods would be equally objectionable, but I do not think that he is an obstacle to a change in British policy on the Manchurian question. The chief obstacle is as always the Foreign Office, but so far as the Cabinet is concerned, MacDonald has certainly had as much responsibility as Simon, if not more. In a private conversation with a diplomat MacDonald actually gave as a reason for the British refusal to consent to action against Japan the fact that Articles XV and XVI of the Covenant, if applied in Asia, would have to be applied also in Europe! That is to say, MacDonald as Prime Minister of Great Britain refuses to fulfil his obligations under the Covenant in the case of the Sino-Japanese conflict because he is unwilling to fulfil them in any case. I hope your contributor is right in thinking that MacDonald's attitude has been modified; if he is, I do not think that Sir John Simon could or would prevent a change in British policy. If MacDonald really wants a change, he will have his way.

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Happy Ending

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 12

AS a humble member of the radio audience I listened with some amazement to the tearful benediction which my good friend, Walter Lippmann, pronounced over Herbert Hoover on election night. Between sobs he seemed to be assuring the great man that he had been torn asunder merely because the country believed that a Democratic President would get along better with a Democratic Congress. It seemed to me that my distinguished colleague erred on the side of restraint. It is true that Mr. Hoover's constant nagging and sniping at Congress have not been helpful, but there were other reasons for getting rid of him as rapidly as possible, and I suspect that some of them affected the result. For example, it is not likely that the farmers forgot how Hoover buncoed them four years ago with his elaborate and mysterious allusions to a perfected plan which would end all their cares—and which, it developed later, did not exist. It is possible that organized labor and the Negroes remembered the "master political stroke" whereby Hoover sought to place Parker, the yellow-dog-injunction and Jim Crow judge, on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Some consumers of electricity may have recalled that he vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill, put a power lobbyist at the head of the Republican National Committee, and packed the Federal Power Commission with friends of the power trust. There is not room here to call the roll, because it is too long, but Mr. Hoover's ignominious and incredible dodging on the subject of prohibition certainly cost him millions of votes, and among the 13,000,000 unemployed in this country there doubtless were some who remembered that for two long and bitter years every proposal for federal relief to the starving was opposed and denounced by him as a "dole." And last but not least, perhaps there were a few who recalled how he permitted religious prejudices to be exploited in his behalf four years earlier. Expressions of sympathy for Mr. Hoover are heard in certain quarters. There was a time when I might have wept for him, but, unfortunately, all my tears were exhausted on the evening of July 28 by the gas with which Mr. Hoover's infantry deluged the ragged men, women, and children who had come to the capital to petition their government for relief.

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MAKING all allowances for disappointment and disillusionment, the fact remains that on November 8 the electorate did the best job it has done in my lifetime—and I am no spring chicken. The circumstance that the voters had to be starved into the exercise of common sense does not alter the result. Complete disaster may yet overtake the country, but at least there is room for hope. Reelection of Hoover, in my solemn opinion, would have made disaster inevitable. He has shown almost no comprehension of the causes of the depression. Confronted with the most profound and complicated phenomenon of twentieth-century industrialism, he sought to repel it with the ballyhoo of a gold-mine prospectus of the late nineties. To the incalculable and appalling factors of physical and spiritual misery and deterioration, he seemed almost insensible. Quite as depressing, from the standpoint of an intimate observer, was his choice of associates. It is almost a mystery how he managed to find such men. My knowledge of Governor Roosevelt is deficient, but even if one accepts as true every statement made by his enemies, it is still impossible to believe that he could surround himself with such characters as Doak, Hyde, Hurley, Wilbur, Brown, Mitchell, Huston, Lucas, and Sanders. In the recent campaign the Governor demonstrated that he was a remarkable politician and a thoroughly practical one, but reports seem to agree that his olfactory centers have not been completely anaesthetized. It appears that in the closing days he was alarmingly receptive to the advances of Newton Baker, Owen D. Young, Barney Baruch, John Davis, and John Raskob. I should like to believe the Republican accusation that his Administration will be dominated by Norris, Johnson, La Follette, Cutting, and Wheeler, but that is too good to be true. Nevertheless, from what I hear about the Governor, there are certain practices and certain types of people for which he simply will not stand. Perhaps you will appreciate the desperateness of the present situation when I say this alone promises tremendous improvement.

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BUT the result of the Presidential election is far from being all of the picture, or, in my humble opinion, the most significant part of it. The effect on Congress (the really important branch of the federal government) will be so astounding that it must be regarded as an answer to prayer. I can discover only two major grounds for complaint —out of a possible 467. The defeat of La Guardia in New York, of course, is a very serious blow to the House and a definite loss to the country. However, I suspect he will soon return. The reelection in Massachusetts of Representative Treadway, one of the most offensive demagogues who ever befouled the atmosphere of the House chamber, is disappointing. Otherwise, the results are so good as to be almost incredible. The Old Guard has been annihilated. Watson, Moses, Bingham, Smoot, and Jones are all gone. If the nation were not in a critical condition, one could afford to be sentimental about Moses and Watson. Both were excellent drinking companions; both were superb story-tellers. Outside of their appointees (and in the case of Smoot these were numerous) I know of absolutely no one who will lament the departure of those two self-righteous men, Smoot and Jones. Even the fabled industry of Smoot was a myth. I know a dozen men in the Senate, including his colleague, King, who work much harder than the Mormon elder. It will be interesting and instructive to observe whether he returns to Utah to look out for his religious and beet-sugar interests or whether he remains in Washington piously to superintend the extensive real estate which he has acquired at odd times during the thirty

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years he has been serving his country and his Mormon God. On the House side, it is a pleasure to note the apparent defeat of the slippery Will Wood, of Indiana. Next to Treadway he is the most blatant and objectionable member of the House.

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THE governorships have run true to the same satisfying form. In Massachusetts the admirable Ely has been reelected. Connecticut has returned its picturesque old man, Wilbur Cross, for another term. Once more Illinois has repulsed the unspeakable Len Small and his still more unspeakable associate, "Big Bill" Thompson, and elected a very decent Jew, Henry Horner. It is a pleasure to note that Wisconsin has done the proper and logical thing in disposing of Walter Kohler, the big bathroom and uplift man, who upset Governor Phil La Follette in the primary. The new Governor will be Mayor Schmedeman, of Madison. It also disposed effectively of that sophomoric demagogue, John B. Chapple, who sought to be Senator. Even more impressive and satisfactory was the way in which Minnesota reelected its Farmer-Labor Governor, Floyd Olsen.

* * * * *

THE crowning irony of the entire campaign was the failure of President Hoover or any of his supporters to mention the two most commendable acts of his Administration—the appointment of Owen Roberts and of Benjamin Cardozo to the United States Supreme Court. Here were two things of which any President might justly be proud. Why were they not mentioned? For the simple reason that both appointments were thrust down Mr. Hoover's reluctant throat. He turned to Mr. Roberts only after the Senate had rejected Parker, and he turned to Mr. Cardozo only after hearing the naked and profane threats of Senator Borah. That is the best the Great White Feather did for us—and those are the reasons.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has not been in Soviet Russia for several years, but what he remembers most vividly about his only visit to that diverting country is the charming informality with which official business is conducted. He might illustrate what he means by describing, for example, the way in which a high dignitary in the Foreign Office ransacked various desks in various offices looking for a letter addressed to a person no more important than the Drifter himself, and how the dignitary finally fell back upon that prerevolutionary phrase "Come again next week." But more illuminating still is the series of incidents which are ticketed in the Drifter's mind as The Story of Louis Fischer's Pants.

* * * * *

IT all began when *The Nation's* correspondent suggested that a pair of trousers purchased in Berlin would make an acceptable present, but the first scene takes place in the dimly lighted interior of the customs office in the border town. The inspector, with that intuition characteristic of his kind, plunges his hand deep into the trunk and grasps the trousers. He holds them to the light; he gazes with horror; and he exclaims accusingly, "They're new!" The Drifter confesses, and in answer to a question admits that he possesses not only the trousers he is wearing but one pair besides. That settles the matter. "Then you won't need these. I'll give you a receipt and you can get them when you go out." The Drifter walks sadly on to Russian soil and he is hailed by a red soldier with an unmistakable East Side accent: "Hey, Buddy, got a Lucky? Thanks. Well, don't take any wooden nickels."

* * * * *

IN act two the crestfallen Drifter confesses to Mr. Fischer the fact that the latter's trousers are many *versts* away. "Never mind," he replies, "I'm going out before you are and will get them. All we have to do is go to the Foreign Office and have your receipt transferred to me." New to Russian methods, the Drifter is amazed. America is a democracy, but he would hardly call upon Secretary Stimson in an effort to recover an expropriated pair of pants. Nevertheless, the gentleman in the Foreign Office is sympathetic and charming. "It will take time," he says. It does take time—a great deal of it. But the Drifter sees the vast machinery of the world's first proletarian republic set in motion. And the most interesting thing about the whole drama is the fact that it has a happy ending. Some months later Mr. Fischer returns to Moscow after a visit to Berlin and he is wearing the pants—to which the Foreign Office itself has granted him a title.

* * * * *

LIFE, thought the Drifter, is hard in Moscow. Life is also surrounded with a good deal of red tape. But it is supportable because it is also human. The Foreign Office may take time, but it does consider it ultimately important that a pair of pants should get upon the shanks which need them. If the United States were equally interested in the same thing, it would not be in the midst of its present depression. We have plenty of pants and plenty of legs which could use them to great advantage. But neither the gentlemen in the State Department nor anyone else seems really interested in getting them together.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Youth and the New Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just spent four weeks in Moscow seeing people from morning until evening, Communists and non-Communists, high state officials and ordinary people. I can certify that despite all difficulties—the food situation is very acute this year—there is a set determination among all to carry on and not to lose sight of the final purpose, the creation of the Socialist commonwealth. In contrast to Europe and America, here it is youth which leads; it is men and women between the ages of twenty and thirty who are managing and running the industries. It really takes the combined enthusiasm and conviction of youth to carry on in the face of such great

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difficulties. One must be in Russia and close to things and men, and know Russian, to understand how deep the roots of the new life have already gone; to realize, as I do after years of previous residence in both the old and the new Russia, that no outside power or any other force will break this new Russia.

A few general words: Construction is going on everywhere, beginning near the border on the outskirts of Minsk and continuing all along our route. In places like Nijni-Novgorod several universities, technical schools, and professional schools are running full blast. Everybody tells you that there are complete and adequate facilities for learning, and that the people really use them to the fullest extent. It is all extraordinarily impressive.

On the Volga, October 1 S. TRONE

Desperate Need

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are appealing to you in a most desperate emergency. The mother of Ozie Powell, one of the seven Scottsboro boys, called the Scottsboro Defense late last night from Atlanta. She told us her baby had just died, a two-year-old boy. There was no money to bury him. Her ten-year-old girl was desperately sick—she feared the girl was going to die, too. There was no money for a doctor, or medicine. There was little food in the house. She had run about town frantically hunting help.

"You must help us," she said. "It looks like you are the only friends we have on earth. You must help us."

I will not tell you what you must do—I only tell you that this minute, as you read this letter, there is in Atlanta, in a two-room shack, a woman who has had heaped upon her more misery and more suffering than any human being must be allowed to bear. Contributions should be sent to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

New York, November 4 SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Literature and the Class War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article on Literature and the "Class War" in *The Nation* for October 19 Henry Hazlitt discusses what he calls the nouveau-Marxists as a group, but not as individuals. He was doubtless moved thus to omit names by a creditable desire not to seem to be indulging in personalities. But whatever his motives, the effect is to mislead those readers who have not followed for themselves the work of the Marxist critics.

I should like to ask Mr. Hazlitt who of the "nouveau-Marxists" (1) "will not trouble to weigh on their merits any of the specific objections offered by any" of their critics; (2) have suggested that bourgeois critics have less free will than proletarian critics; (3) have denied that Marx read non-proletarian literature or supposed that he had proletarian literature to read; (4) have asserted that a work of art was necessarily admirable because it was proletarian; (5) have sought "to dismiss practically all existing culture" either "by the mere process of labeling it 'bourgeois'" or by any other process; (6) have used proletarian and Communist "as if they were synonyms"; (7) have "become infinitely boring" by stating that "Emerson was bourgeois, Poe bourgeois, Mark Twain bourgeois, Proust bourgeois, Thomas Mann bourgeois." I shall not be satisfied if Mr. Hazlitt finds one or two scattered examples of these fallacies. His article purports to be a description of "nouveau-Marxism" as a whole, and to justify it he ought to be able to show that at least 50 per cent of the "nouveau-Marxists" are guilty of at least 50 per cent of these faults in at least 50 per cent of their work.

There are points in Mr. Hazlitt's article that are worthy of discussion—and if space permitted I should proceed to discuss them—but he scores the majority of his points by attributing to his opponents beliefs that they simply do not hold. That the application of Marxist principles to literary problems is, as at present practiced in America, far from satisfactory, one can scarcely deny. The non-Marxists, however, will do little to remedy the situation by attacking imaginary weaknesses. The ostentatious demolition of a man of straw may or may not impress uninformed bystanders, but it obviously contributes little to the progress of critical thought.

Troy, N. Y., October 20 GRANVILLE HICKS

[Mr. Hicks's apparent belief that it is invalid to describe the tacit assumptions of a literary movement without elaborate documentation in each case, and his further apparent belief that that documentation is to be judged by quantitative and statistical standards, are novel to me. Moreover, as he is careful to assure us in advance that he will not be satisfied by "one or two scattered examples," it would seem rather futile for me to offer them. I nowhere asserted that the most dubious assumptions of the nouveau-Marxists are always stated by them *explicitly;* many of them have been merely implicit. But one of the points I was making was that it was merely necessary to state some of these lurking assumptions explicitly and baldly for their absurdity to become clear. If some of the writers previously guilty of any of these assumptions now recognize that absurdity, that is progress.—HENRY HAZLITT]

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Books, Drama, Films

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Has the Jew spent his farthing? the weed
frolicked his seed? the cloud dispersed his rain,
never to know his bellyful again?
is the soul bankrupt? the mind emptied? the mouth
dried up of speech? no words to come? no thought
yet undelivered in all this world of thought?
Why there are bricks and stones, and therefore walls;
sand, and therefore mortar; there is space,
still uncircumferenced by demons' wings,
or angels' either; and to sum the world—

but who will sum the world? what god will add
digit to digit, sandgrain to sandgrain,
amuse himself, on the last wall of knowledge,
laugh there, be boisterous, sum all things up
in one vast thunderclap of synthesis—
speak his own sentence, and be dead?

Beloved, there is time,
between this morning's instant and that wall,
for such infinitudes of delight and grief,
such patient addings and subtractions, such
new sentences, each wider than the last,
new knowledges, new visions and revisions,
that we ourselves are like that god; each moment
is the last wall from which our laughter rings;
the world summed up; and then a new world found,
vaster and richer; a new synthesis,
under the sandgrain, and above the star.
Come, let us read the book, look up each word,
say dark or bright, be frightened, pick our way
through the fierce multitude of thoughts and things—
from god to chaos, from chaos to god again—
in the unending glossary of the world.
Was that a bell that struck? a moment gone?
a voice that spoke, a bird that flew?
They were the shadows of a speech to come.

Red Fears in White Hearts

Red Economics. By Walter Duranty, W. H. Chamberlin, H. R. Knickerbocker, and Others. Edited by Gerhard Dobbert. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

Red Russia. By Theodor Seibert. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Century Company. $3.

OPPONENTS of the Soviet regime will not derive comfort from either of these two books, though most of the contributors to the first are frankly critical of sovietism and the author of the second is altogether inimical to it.

"Red Economics" is the result of the combined effort of fifteen newspapermen, practical economists, and technicians who know the Russian situation either from direct experience in dealing with some of its aspects or from years of close study. Jointly they endeavor to produce a cumulative picture of the concrete results of the Russian Revolution in the perspective of the eventful fifteen years since sovietism ascended to undivided power and control. Mr. Duranty, in the introduction to the volume, succeeds in throwing into bold relief the inner sequence of the three major stages of the revolution's development—militant communism, the NEP period, and the Five-Year Plan. The others shed much light on the mechanics of the interplay of forces within the Soviet Union.

The council of expert opinion is divided as to the actual state of affairs. "Planned economy," says W. H. Chamberlin, "has proved its vitality and workability and has given the Soviet Union a powerful push toward the goals set by the Communists." Hans Jonas substantially agrees with Chamberlin: "The Soviet economy, with its unified control, represents a firmly knit organism when compared with capitalist economy." But Heinrich Pöppelmann sees danger in the rise of an all-powerful machine. "The Soviet ship," he says, "has run foul of the greatest system of bureaucracy ever erected. . . . There is enormous shortage in Russia of creative engineers. . . . Production figures do not necessarily mean plus values: they may be the eloquent expression of wasted human and material energy." He raises the all-important issue of quantity versus quality under the pressure of the Five-Year Plan.

Recent discussions have stressed the scarcity of natural resources in the Soviet Union and the difficulty of their effective exploitation and distribution. Nikolaus Basseches holds that "the U. S. S. R. is rich in natural resources. It contains within its territory all the factors required for the building up of its industrial life. But the natural resources are distributed over a vast area, and despite its 162,000,000 inhabitants, the Soviet Union is a thinly peopled area. It will have to develop tremendous resources of power and of human labor before the Communists will be able to solve the problems they have set themselves." So it is a matter of time, of training, of learning. But have the Soviet men actually made headway? Can we reliably judge their tangible accomplishments? Arthur W. Just, in the chapter Economic Information and the Press, maintains that "it is quite possible for a critical observer to get an idea of the state of Soviet economics that will approximate very closely to the truth. . . . The actual position can be envisaged in its broad outlines and any failure of expert opinion to agree on its predictions is solely attributable to differences in political outlook." Perhaps it is that "difference of political outlook" which suggests Otto Auhagen's severe statement: "In contrast to the slow encumbered progress of agriculture during the period of the NEP, the Stalin policy of socialization has spread the shadow of distress over town and countryside." Perhaps this is the truth. Yet it would not necessarily point to political disaster. That the Soviet Government is very sensitive to voices from below and that it never goes beyond the breaking-point are matters of established fact.

The actualities in housing, transportation, foreign technical assistance, state finance, money, credit, and banking present complex, even tormenting problems, yet not insoluble ones. Malcolm Campbell is in a position to say: "Money, credit, and banking in the Soviet Union are developing in the direction of socialism, just as is the entire economic life"; and Dr. Dobbert, editor of the volume, draws the conclusion that, "as a means for the attainment of that ultimate objective toward which Soviet Russia is striving, its financial system has proved its effectiveness in every way, and despite certain defects, it is capable of achieving big things." The picture is of a slow, steep climb, but advances seem to outdistance retreats.

Theodore Seibert's "Red Russia" is a book of another order. It is a more exciting book. The writers of "Red Economics" have no moral quarrel with sovietism. Theodor Seibert

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is set dead against it. The "Red Economics" writers seek to outline the basis upon which their respective bourgeois empires might do a profitable business with bolshevism. Mr. Seibert rejects the role of an "honest broker" in a deal between two fundamentally divergent civilizations. He would erect a *cordon sanitaire* between bolshevism and the Western order, which he considers as the mortal enemy of the former; but since this is impossible, he sees only one solution—to fight bolshevism. His wrath is directed, however, not specifically against Russia. To him bolshevism is coterminous with socialism. Unlike the European Socialists, he views sovietism and the dictatorship not as a perversion of socialism but as "really in the line of orthodox socialism." The latter, Mr. Seibert holds, "is only conceivable in a community developed along the lines and stamped with the characteristics of an army. It is not by chance that Bolshevik phraseology bristles with military terms, such as commanding points, recruiting, mobilization, vanguard, outpost, front, light cavalry, shock-troops, etc." This peculiar position enables Mr. Seibert to render a fairly accurate account of what he saw in Russia. He is free of the Socialist partisans' inhibitions which prevent them from seeing the material achievements. To the anti-Socialist Mr. Seibert, successful bolshevism is even worse than unsuccessful bolshevism. He consequently admits that while "Russia has not grown happier, it has advanced. . . . In a decade educational work was effected for which in quiet times generations might have been needed. . . . The country has been shaken out of the old rut. . . . The social and political endeavors of the regime . . . have aroused needs and wishes which, having once come into being, will persist. . . . The permeation of the whole of the national life with Bolshevik propaganda has activated the contemporary Russian and made him keen of hearing." Mr. Seibert fights the "moral depravity" of socialism.

The indictment of Soviet social practice in "Red Russia" is impressive. Sovietism is blamed for the development of a deadening bureaucracy, of a censorship that is grotesquely stupid, of a dictatorship which is so brutal and reckless that it defeats the larger aims for which it was temporarily established, and which Mr. Seibert detests. The instances cited by Mr. Seibert may be very real. Literature, the theater, scientific activity, and the arts *have* been stepped upon hard by the authority of the dictatorship. It may not be untrue that Stalin ordered a historical revolutionary play, "The Conspiracy of the Equals," off the stage because in one place the leading character, Babeuf, says to General Bonaparte: "I don't like the expression in your eyes, General!"—something that Trotzky once said to Stalin. It is an established fact that the history of the Russian Revolution has actually been rewritten in order to eliminate the record of Trotzky's leading role in it and instead to magnify Stalin's secondary achievements in it. Yet all this fails to arouse fear of the eventual fate of the revolution. The logic of the struggle for leadership would alone be sufficient to dispel such fear. Surely a dictatorship cannot thrive on mass privations, and once the scarcity of needful commodities is passed, the desire for an expanded life will compel cultural freedom. Mr. Seibert himself does not deny the honest concern of bolshevism with the well-being of the people. The self-preservation of bolshevism postulates the eventual abolition of the dictatorship.

It is regrettable that a futile idea has taken possession of Mr. Seibert, for otherwise he has approached his study of Russia in a workman-like fashion. In an honest manner he went after his facts. He tells his story well and he comes close to the mainsprings of things, but his approach is lopsided; he comes to view history as a personal offense and he overlooks forces making for epochal changes. His futile *idée-fixe* is that he can salvage the ancient embattled order of individualism. "The only will that can save Europe from the red jack-o'-lantern, from the red specter in the East, is embodied in the plain and venerable watchword: 'Ich Dien,'" Mr. Seibert proclaims. "The political alternative to socialism is the promotion of social welfare, the control of the morbid outgrowths of capitalism, and the protection of those who are economically weaker." How closely akin to our own homespun rotarian commandment of service! Socialism, we are told, is bad: it oppresses individual freedom. But capitalism is bad too, Mr. Seibert admits. It breeds poverty in the midst of plenty. What, then, are we to do? Fight socialism and restore paternalistic capitalism. "Der Berg hat ein Mäuschen geboren."

J. B. S. HARDMAN

Common Sense About Stagecraft

The Stage Is Set. By Lee Simonson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

A GREAT many bad books are written about the theater and the worst of them are usually devoted to stage setting. The topic seems to attract the *artiste manqué* who perversely elects to envelop this very practical subject in an atmosphere composed largely of formless yearnings, and to write about it in a vocabulary more appropriate to interior decoration, Christian Science, or Yogi than to a craft as dependent as architecture itself upon concrete conditions. Hence the great, almost unique value of the present volume by a man who not only has contributed to the American stage some of the very finest of its settings, but also combines a broad knowledge of the history and the theory of his art with sound common sense.

Mr. Simonson, to be sure, is excited and voluble, vehement and hard-hitting. He lays about him with a disconcerting vigor, and he attacks the pretentions of some of his contemporaries with a frankness which would give to his book a success of scandal even if it were not destined also to success of a different kind. But for all the jauntiness of his self-confidence he carries conviction, and when, for example, he devotes a chapter to analyzing the actual accomplishment of Gordon Craig, he cites enough facts to confirm very fully the opinion of many who have long suspected that this high priest of the Ineffable school can be reduced to not much more than a collection of very Orphic sayings and a series of apocalyptic sketches which neither he nor anybody else knows how to translate into actual stage settings. Nor is Mr. Simonson any less successful when he turns the cruel light of fact and logic upon other cults and makes merry with the solemn manifestos which have alternately banished playwright, actor, and scenery from the Theater of the Future and, alternately also, proclaimed that the drama could be reborn only in an outdoor amphitheater, pseudo-Elizabethan inn yard, a three-ring circus, or a rococo ballroom. At one time or another the followers of Craig and his kind have proposed to dispense with everything except the audience, but the audience is the only thing which, in practice, they ever really succeed in doing away with.

Mr. Simonson's book covers a very wide field, and includes among other things what is practically a history of stage methods from the days of the Greeks down to the present. It makes no claim to original research, but it marshals facts from many sources, and the reader finds himself now contemplating the noisy multitude which rioted when Euripides displeased it, now endeavoring to get some idea of what the production of a medieval miracle play was like by reading such an excerpt as the following from a recently discovered account and prompt book of "The Mystery of the Passion" as performed at Mons in 1501:

> To Brouillon and his companion for various kinds of birds delivered by him this day for the aforesaid Creation and also for the Ark of Noah, 12*s*.
>
> For live fishes for the aforesaid Creation: 16*s*.

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> Remind those who work the secrets of the thunder barrels to do what is assigned them by following their instruction slips and let them not forget to stop when God says: Cease and let tranquillity reign.

Nevertheless, all the abundant and often picturesque detail is subservient to the establishment of a thesis which may be summarized in four points. First, there never was any such thing as a Pure Theater to which the worshipers came reverently to be inspired by the sacred mystery of art. Second, production has always been as elaborate as circumstances would permit, and spectacular realism has always been popular. Third, the real evolution of stage settings is to be traced from the piecemeal realism of classical and medieval times when the producer relied upon concrete properties, machines, and the like, through the Renaissance discovery of the effectiveness of the backdrop painted in perspective, to, finally, the more modern method which employs three dimensions to provide both a picture and a space upon which acting can take place. Fourth, this modern method is the result of the increasing emphasis upon play *production,* which stresses the coordination of declamation, movement, background, and other elements, instead of leaving everything except the spoken word to individual caprice.

Some of Mr. Simonson's best pages are devoted to the development of this last section of his thesis, and his description of the work of a contemporary producer will be very illuminating to those for whom such things are largely a mystery. At no point, however, does he fall into the error of supposing that either the stage designer or any other theatrical worker is more than an interpreter, or that he can do more than realize the potentialities of the script upon which he is working. He makes effective fun of those who imagine a theater of the future without imagining the plays to be performed in it. He shows convincingly how the playwright has always set the problem which the designer solved. But he has also very specific ideas of how this designer should operate within his own province, and is particularly brilliant in illustrating by concrete example how certain productions utilized a particular kind of setting to provoke in the audience that attitude toward the events of a play which was necessary if the events were to be properly comprehended. Mr. Simonson's modesty is no false modesty. He has a sufficiently high conception of the function of his profession. But he has also a very clear idea of what that function is, and he concludes his book with some wise remarks:

> In the modern theater, as in every other, the beginning is in the word. . . . As designers we cannot perform the functions of dramatic poets, but once they enter the theater we are their indispensable collaborators. We cannot call them forth. It is they who must summon us. Meanwhile we wait and work.

"The Stage Is Set" should find two classes of readers. In the first place, it is perhaps the best and the best-written popular account of the history of theatrical production. In the second place, it states very clearly the working principles of a successful modern designer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Soviet Satire

The Little Golden Calf. By Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IF Westbrook Pegler and P. G. Wodehouse should collaborate in writing a "Little Golden Elephant," about a trip from Washington to Hollywood and return, I do not believe it would be half as funny as this yarn by two hearty Moscow youngsters, which has been translated into gay, colloquial English by Malamuth. The book is said to be a satire in the Gogol tradition, but before it is that it is a first-rate picaresque tale. Ostap Bender, the rogue who operated in "Twelve Chairs," has his head full of a far better scheme than a mere search for treasure; this time he is out to acquire a fortune, not by work—because neither work nor working capital puts surplus cash in the individual pocket in the Soviet Republic—but by blackmailing a secret hoarder who has made a NEP fortune in underground ways. The account of Ostap's operations, of the confreres he assembles, and of the little good the fortune nets him makes a first-rate story for those who never saw a red soldier and never hope to see one.

For those who have, here is a treat indeed. For the initiated, the book describes certain aspects of life in the Soviet Union so circumstantially and at the same time with such comic exaggeration that its reading induces one chuckle after another.

"The Little Golden Calf," by the way, has never been published in Moscow, which—for the initiated—is understandable enough. The earnest young female in charge of children's books at the Gosisdat who gave out the interview last year that only animal stories about animal husbandry were wanted—no more Aesop, no more mere nature loving—probably has her counterpart on the fiction commission. Well, this novel is about her and her kind, and will probably help to destroy her in the end, for it is the sort of book that seeps through underground channels and is likely to appear next year to brighten Soviet bookstores. That the book was written at all is an extraordinarily cheerful sign.

Lunacharsky contributes an introduction to the book explaining its worth. He regrets, and surely his tongue is in his cheek and his nose twitching with laughter, that in these earnest times Ostap Bender is not shown up for what he is, that the toiling masses are not reassured and their heroic efforts celebrated. He thinks in that case it would have been a better book. On the contrary, it is just because such obvious things are left implicit that the book has a flavor to roll on one's tongue.

ERNESTINE EVANS

Shorter Notices

Diana Stair. By Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In taking for his heroine a woman of genius and for his setting the Boston intelligentsia of the 1840's, Floyd Dell creates two difficulties in the way of making his novel convincing. Diana Stair's claim to genius rests on the writing of a poem of which we glimpse only a few lines, in which such words as "lust" and "spasm" are said to make their very first appearance in American poetry. While it seems plausible that Diana was, for her times, a daring literary innovator, the evidence is hardly sufficient to warrant her claim to genius. Granting even that she *was* a genius, she fares no better, because the presence of genius is not enough to create a character. In fact, with the infinite license of thought and action that Floyd Dell permits her, she ends by becoming a meaningless cipher. Successively she is the inspired Abolitionist orator, the daring free-lover, the fearless leader of the striking mill girls, the literary lioness of two continents. But in all these adventures she gives us no sense of her own reality. She functions merely as a catalytic agent, to bring out the spirit and detail of her times. As an abstract conception of genius, moreover, she is a peculiarly American brand—apparently daring and unconventional, but with a heart always in the right place and an aptitude for acquiring the rewards of this world. As for his second difficulty, the historical setting of his novel, Floyd Dell capitulates to it no less thoroughly. There is a purely adventitious reality to these characters of another time and place. When they take off their clothes and swin naked, or go out on petting parties, or argue the communism of their day, they seem merely like

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amusing anachronisms. The whole novel, indeed (more than six hundred pages), can hardly stand on its intrinsic value. Undoubtedly, however, it is Floyd Dell's parable of the American intellectual. Psychogenetically, it is his attempt to create an aristocratic pedigree for the radical trend of today by showing that radical thinking has been a preoccupation of the best minds in the best of Boston families since the 1840's. By taking causes that have about them the saving odor of humanitarianism and the additional advantage of being dead issues, he has attempted to take the curse off the present tendency to go to the left. He has written an apology for those who are afraid of being on only one side of the fence at a time.

Life of Mendel. By Hugo Iltis. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

This life of Mendel is actually the life of Mendelism. The author has chosen to tell a simple, straightforward story based on such documentary evidence as exists rather than to go into semi-fictional or psychological by-paths. The result is a competent, scholarly study of the important work of a great man. The book reminds those of us who may have forgotten the fact, that great scientific work may be done outside the walls of universities and super-endowed institutes.

George Gershwin's Song Book. Illustrated by Alajálov. Simon and Schuster. $5.

Eighteen of Gershwin's hits, ranging from "Swanee," which brought him fame and fortune thirteen years ago, to "Who Cares," from that trenchant political pasquinade, "Of Thee I Sing," are here collected, together with special arrangements of their refrains. There is a pertinent introduction by the composer, with hints on the technique of playing these challenges to expert pianists; and Samuel Kootz contributes a sketch of the artist. At the end there is an excellent bibliography of Gershwin's published music, as well as a list of all available recordings by the various phonograph companies and manufacturers of rolls for mechanical pianos. Alajálov's drawings, in color, one for each song, are delightful caricatures, often tipped with most appropriate commentative malice. Gershwin's variations on his well-known themes are especially felicitous in "Liza," "Sweet and Low Down," "Fascinating Rhythm," "The Man I Love," and "I Got Rhythm." The design and execution of the book make it easily one of the finest recent examples of musical typography.

English Painting from the Seventh Century to the Present Day. By Charles Johnson. The Dial Press. $5.

Mr. Johnson's history of English painting is quite what one might expect from a lecturer at the National Gallery. His material is efficiently organized, his taste conservative, and his judgment concerning the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century exact and convincing. One is struck by the poverty of English painting from Turner to the present day—a fact that is illustrated by the space Mr. Johnson is forced to give the Pre-Raphaelites and the seriousness with which he restates their aesthetic intentions. Perhaps the Pre-Raphaelites are the best examples we can find of the "literary" and social influences that have strictly limited English painting for the past hundred years, an influence more sterile, more deadening, than the heavy symbolism that attached itself to the German schools during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Johnson's commentary on contemporary schools is again all that one might expect from a well-trained academician; he is by no means unreasonable; he is even tolerant, but he obviously lacks confidence and sympathy in expressing his opinions. The entire book, however, contains much valuable information and should serve as a supplementary text in college libraries.

Louisa Alcott and Children's Books

LOUISA ALCOTT, the centenary of whose birth occurs this month, has influenced the world of children's books more profoundly than is realized even by her admirers, and certainly more than is admitted by her detractors. Thomas Beer, in "The Mauve Decade," refers to her as "Duty's child," turning that characterization originally given her by her father into a twentieth-century accusation; Thomas Wentworth Higginson condemns her because, from a literary point of view, she never duplicated the success of "Little Women"; Gamaliel Bradford pities her because she did not want to write children's books indefinitely and her great initial success left her no other choice. As he remarks, "Few get the glory they want, but there is probably a peculiar bitterness in getting the glory you don't want." These critics are echoed in one way or another by some of the more sophisticated children of our own day, who find Louisa Alcott's conscience, her prudery, and what she herself once referred to, probably in a moment of impatience, as her "moral pap for the young," not to their taste. But her overwhelming popularity with successive generations of children and with the great majority of children of today continues to induce the tribute of imitation from other writers of books for young people. Although no author has her combination of qualities, yet individually those qualities are represented, especially this year, in the books upon which the accolade of children's approval is likely to fall.

What are these qualities, and which of the season's books exemplify them? Louisa Alcott's outstanding characteristics, it seems to me, are, first, an eager awareness of the world about her; second, courage and cheerfulness; third, a real story-telling sense; fourth, a passionate love for very little children; fifth, a delight in that much-discredited institution, home life. One cannot, naturally, classify all the important children's books of 1932 under these five headings, yet it is surprising how many fall naturally into one or another of these groupings.

I. Books Which Foster Awareness of the World We Live in

For Boys and Girls from Eight to Sixteen

Van Loon's Geography. Hendrik van Loon. Simon and Schuster. **$3.75.**

Picture Map Geography of the World. Vernon Quinn. Picture Maps by Paul Spencer Johst. Stokes. $2.50.

Berta and Elmer Hader's Picture Book of the States. Harper. $3.

These United States and How They Came to Be. Gertrude Hartman. Macmillan. $5.

The Rise of Rome. Gordon King. Illustr. Gustav Jensen. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

Christopher Columbus. Edna Potter. Oxford University. $2.

Discovering Christopher Columbus. Charlotte Brewster Jordan. Macmillan. $3.

The Ugly Duckling. Hans Christian Andersen. Isabel Proudfit. McBride. $2.25.

First Ladies. Stories of Our Presidents' Wives. Kathleen Prindiville. Macmillan. $2.

Young Lafayette. Jeanette Eaton. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Pollwiggle's Progress. Wilfred S. Bronson. Macmillan. $2.

Out of Doors. A Guide to Nature. Paul B. Mann and George T. Hastings. $2.

How to See Plants. Eric Fitch Daglish. Morrow. $1.

Beasts of the Tar Pits. W. W. Robinson. Macmillan. $1.75.

And That's Why. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt, Brace. $1.85.

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Modern Mercuries. The Story of Communication. Lloyd George and James Gilman. McBride. $3.
The Story of Money. Mary Duncan Carter. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.
Black on White. The Story of Books. M. Ilin. Lippincott. $1.50.
What Time Is It? The Story of Clocks. M. Ilin. Lippincott. $1.50.
Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. Compton. 15 vols., buckram. $62.50.

II. Books of Courage

For Girls from Twelve to Sixteen

The Railroad to Freedom. Hildegarde Hoyt Swift. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Remember and Forget. Julia Davis Adams. Dutton. $2.
The Road to Carolina. Marjorie Hill Allee. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Gray Caps. Rose B. Knox. Doubleday, Doran. $2.
The Young Ravenels. Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
Hepatica Hawks. Rachel Field. Macmillan. $1.75.
Suzanne of Belgium. Suzanne Silvercruys Farnum and Marion Clyde McCarroll. Dutton. $2.50.
Katrinka Grows Up. Helen Eggleston Haskell. Dutton. $2.
Debby Barnes, Trader. Constance Lindsay Skinner. Macmillan. $2.
Ranch and Ring. Florence Crannell Means. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

III. Books Which Tell Absorbing Stories

For Boys from Twelve to Sixteen

Charlemagne and His Knights. Katharine Pyle. Lippincott. $2.50.
Marko the King's Son. Clarence A. Manning. McBride. $2.50.
The Muskamming Red Head. Allen Field. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.
The Glacier Mystery. S. S. Smith. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Uncle Bill. Will James. Scribner. $2.
Wild Cat Ridge. Maristan Chapman. Appleton. $2.
Lions, Gorillas and Their Neighbors. Carl and Mary Jobe Akeley. Dodd, Mead. $2.
Lardy the Great. Reed Fulton. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Swift Rivers. Cornelia Meigs. Little, Brown. $2.

IV. Stories Chiefly About the Family and Social Life of Children and Animals

For Boys and Girls from Eight to Twelve

The Hay Village Children. Josephine Siebe. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
The Four Young Kendalls. Eliza Arne White. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Cherry Farm. Mary Wolfe Thompson. Stokes. $1.50.
The Little House in Green Valley. Clara Whitehill Hunt. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
The Treasure in the Little Trunk. Helen Fuller Orton. Stokes. $1.75.
The Reluctant Dragon. A Play in Three Acts. Emma Gelders Sterne. Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston. 50 cents.
The Lion and the Ox. Vladimir Lebedov. Macmillan. $1.25.
Wagtail. Alice Crew Gall and Fleming H. Crew. Oxford University. Illustr. Kurt Wiese. $2.
More About Max. Mabelle Halleck St. Clair. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

V. Storied Picture Books for Little Children

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The Book of Nah Wee. Grace and Carl Moon. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

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SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

Drama

Two Camilles

SOME years ago Ethel Barrymore played "Camille" with high seriousness and a complete disregard of those irreverent persons who objected that she did not seem to be wasting away with either tuberculosis or anything else. Since that time, I believe, there have been no revivals of the lugubrious old masterpiece until the present moment, when it oddly so happens that two Armand Duvals are discovering their great love and two Marguerite Gautiers are making the supreme sacrifice. Lillian Gish (at the Morosco Theater) arrived first, in the production which Robert Edmond Jones had designed for a Western festival; Eva Le Gallienne followed close after at her own Civic Repertory Theater, and between them they are at least affording an opportunity which the conditions of our stage seldom permit—the opportunity, that is to say, of comparing two radically different interpretations of the same play.

To Miss Gish and her company "Camille" is a faded flower, or rather some bibelot of grandmother's day which they have found in the attic and are now contemplating with a wistful smile. Incidentally, they have cut the text so drastically that they have reduced some of the scenes to little more than tableaux, and in the process they have removed a good deal of the sentimental moralizing which may be old-fashioned today but which originally gave the play its point. In exchange, however, they have given us a highly stylized performance in which the "period" becomes all important and the characters bow to one another with a solemn majesty that seems at moments about to crystallize into a minuet. Miss Gish, to whom everyone else is rigorously subordinated, floats through the scenes surrounded by an atmosphere of nearly inhuman delicacy. She is not for one moment the reckless courtesan who cannot possibly live on less than a hundred thousand francs a year no matter who supplies the sum; she is always the snow-white lamb whom fate has perversely miscast and who is predestined from the first to sacrifice herself upon the altar of a pure love. She is the embodiment of a legend, not a human being, and, indeed, the whole production seems designed to be wistfully elegiac rather than genuinely dramatic.

The music box which tinkles during a part of the first act gives the clue to the spirit of the whole. Even the gaiety of the first scene is invested with the melancholy of all distant laughter, and the intention seems to be less to re-create Dumas than to extract from his outmoded drama a little of the perfume of the past. In reality the society which he pictured was a brutal society. It was as cruel as respectability always is toward the servants of those pleasant sins which it permits itself to enjoy, and it was about this cruelty that Dumas wrote. But Mr. Jones has fixed his attention upon the quaint grace of its for-

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gotten manners and turned the story of the girl who was not allowed to be decent into a melancholy idyll concerned chiefly with the charm of old, forgotten, far-off things. The author of what was once a serious, almost a "problem," play might object if he were here to see it, but there is no doubt that the present version achieves what it sets out to achieve. Miss Gish *is* charming, and the production as a whole does produce a single unified impression of wistful melancholy.

Miss Le Gallienne, on the other hand, takes the play with entire seriousness. To her it is a drama of real people and real passions, to be played very much as its author wrote it. The central character is not a figure of distant legend but a woman caught tragically in a web of circumstance. The dinner of the first act is genuinely rowdy, not decorously picturesque. The milliner next door is a red-headed cocotte gradually evolving into a bawd, not a pleasant little figure out of a gallant engraving. And Camille herself is not half fairy-tale princess but a woman of varying moods, now cynically rebellious, now despairingly passionate. She is not, like Miss Gish, led gently to the inevitable slaughter; she fights every inch of the way, and as a result her play is credible in a fashion in which the Jones production neither is nor tries to be.

Which of the two one prefers will depend largely upon one's taste, or rather, perhaps, upon whether or not one can accept the text of "Camille" as still valid and convincing drama. Certainly the production at the Morosco is by far the more finished of the two, but at its best the production at the Civic Repertory is decidedly the more moving. At their worst the one creaks, the other seems thin and anemic. We may take our choice or, better still, see both. The experience is not uninstructive.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

"Kameradschaft"

IN Germany G. W. Pabst is regarded as one of the shining lights of the film world, a director who can always be relied upon to produce a masterpiece. I cannot claim familiarity with the entire body of Pabst's work, but the few silent films of his that I have seen and the two more recent talkies, "Western Front, 1918," and "The Beggars' Opera," have not seemed to me to justify the claims made for them. My pleasure, therefore, is all the greater when I find in "Kameradschaft" (Europa) an example of Pabst's work that inspires genuine respect for his abilities as a director, and that unquestionably stands out as one of those rare events upon the screen—a sincere, psychologically convincing, and powerful presentation of a vital theme.

It is possible to see the main distinction of "Kameradschaft" in its tempered yet eloquent appeal to the workers of France and Germany—and by implication to those of all other countries—to join hands in the defense of their common interests as a class. From this point of view the story which the film tells, of German miners forcing their way across the border to assist in the rescue of their French comrades trapped in a coal mine by a disastrous fire, is an excellent parable glorifying the spirit of comradeship which rises triumphant over national prejudices and official obstacles. Admirable, however, as this parable is, both in its message and in the restraint with which it is stated, I do not think that the didactic intent of "Kameradschaft" is the source of the film's strength. What impressed me most was the extraordinary sense of reality conveyed by the film's consistent avoidance of specious dramatics. There was something particularly convincing in its plain, straightforward handling of its material, in the fine delicacy of its characterization, which went hand in hand with perfect naturalness of acting, in its sen-

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sitive appreciation of emotional values, and finally in the abundant and illuminating detail with which it set before our eyes the full significance of such a mine disaster. Many scenes in the film etched themselves on my memory, but one of them is particularly haunting—the image of a young woman trudging with a child behind a truck taking her husband and other German volunteers to the scene of the disaster.

One blemish, though a small one, breaks the uniform excellence of "Kameradschaft." While Pabst is sternly realistic throughout most of the film, he inexplicably deserts the ground of observable facts to picture, in one of the episodes, the inner thoughts of a character. This is an unwarranted change of style and it strikes a jarring note. Aside from this, the film is a notable contribution to the art of the screen.

"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (Strand) cannot compart with "Kameradschaft" in subtlety of treatment, but among Hollywood pictures it stands out as a conscientious piece of work which deals adequately, if not excitingly, with an important problem of American life. The film is based on the life story of one Robert Burns, who was condemned for a minor offense to serve in a chain gang in Georgia, succeeded in escaping, rose by honest work to the position of editor and publisher of a magazine in Chicago, was rearrested after seven years of freedom, and in spite of promises of pardon, was sent to complete his sentence in the chain gang, from which he at last again escaped. The film exposes with telling effect the brutal cruelty of the chain-gang system and should help to awaken the public conscience to the disgrace of its existence in a civilized country.

It was interesting to see the screen version of "Once in a Lifetime" (Roxy), which two years or so ago made history on the stage. It may have taken courage to broadcast to the world this satire of Hollywood, but the result need not disturb the sleep of the amiable Mr. Carl Laemmle. As a satire the film misses fire. On the stage its buffoonery seemed wilfully fantastic, but real enough because it made no pretense to being anything but extravaganza. On the screen the fantasy assumes an exaggeratedly realistic form, and immediately becomes incredible as a story. Still, even regarded as a farce, the picture is good entertainment.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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